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Explorers' Maps

VIII. The Spanish in the Pacific

by R. A. SKELTON

This series of articles by the Superintendent of the Map Room at the British Museum presents, in regional order, some episodes in the history of exploration for which the evidence of maps is specially interesting or accessible. The text is to be read as a commentary on the maps and not as a connected history of discovery. In his present and two succeeding articles Mr Skelton surveys the cartographic record of exploration in the Pacific from the 16th to the 18th century

THE discovery of new lands adds little to the sum of geographical knowledge unless their position is determined with sufficient accuracy to enable later travellers to re-find them. The unfolding of the map of the Pacific from the early 16th century to the end of the 18th century is not a record of continuous growth. The plans for successive expeditions rested no less on conjecture, from evidence which seems flimsy enough today, than on solid knowledge. Until the age of Cook, the courage and seamanship of early navigators was not matched by their technical resources for the precise plotting of their landfalls. This defect in their equipment made itself sharply felt in a region with the great longitudinal extension of the Pacific, in which moreover sailing ships in passage between its eastern and western shores were forced by the steady wind systems into relatively narrow traffic lanes. The maps which explorers brought back, no less than their narratives, throw light on the illusions created by their discoveries, on the retreat of knowledge before fantasy, and on the diversion of enterprise to the pursuit of chimeras which yet yielded new and fruitful discoveries. All these features characterize the history of Pacific exploration.

Columbus, identifying his lands and islands in the west with the Eastern Asia of Ptolemy and Marco Polo, never saw the intervening ocean whose existence was incompatible with his cosmographical ideas (Fig. 1). Other geographers, however, quickly became aware that many degrees of longitude must separate his discoveries from Cipangu and Cathay, and not long after his death in 1506 map-makers were laying down a wide ocean in this space. The first European to set eyes on the eastern shore of the Pacific was Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, who in 1513, crossing the isthmus from Darien, was shown by his native guides "the greate mayne sea hereto-

fore unknown to the inhabitants of Europe, Aphrike, and Asia" (Fig. 2).

To the King of Spain the "South Sea" thus revealed offered a westerly route to the Spice Islands, reached by a Portuguese squadron a year before Balboa's discovery, as an alternative to the easterly seaway used by Portugal. The charts and globes which Magellan had seen in Portugal fostered belief in a strait, far to the south, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; and when he sailed under the Spanish flag in 1519 he expected to show that this was the shortest route to the Moluccas and that they lay on the nearer, or Spanish, side of the eastern *raya*, the extension of the demarcation line agreed by Spain and Portugal in 1529. These hypotheses rested on an underestimate of the length of a degree (rated by Magellan as $16\frac{2}{3}$ leagues) and consequently of the sailing time involved in crossing the Pacific. Only after a passage of ninety-eight days from the western end of his Strait did he reach the Ladrões in March 1521, and by then his starving and scurvy-ridden crew had been "forced to eat the hides with which the main yard was covered."

By bitter experience Magellan had demonstrated the width of the Pacific, but political expediency still determined its representation on the Spanish charts (Fig. 3). Before Spain surrendered her claim to the Moluccas in 1529, two abortive Spanish expeditions were sent out to open trade with them. The first, under García de Loaysa, with Sebastian del Cano (who had brought Magellan's *Victoria* home after his death in 1522) commanding a ship, sailed from Spain by the Magellan Strait in 1525. A relief squadron, under Alonso de Saavedra who had with him charts by Magellan, was dispatched from Mexico in 1527. A survivor of Loaysa's expedition, Andres de Urdaneta, reporting on it after his return to Spain in 1537, urged that "a treaty



(Fig. 2) Part of a world chart, probably drawn in 1519 by the Portuguese Jorge Reinel, employed by the King of Spain to draw charts for Magellan's expedition. Balboa's discovery of the Pacific ("Mar visto pelos Castelhanos") in 1513 is shown, with the part of its coast he explored in 1517

route between Mexico and the Philippines; only Hawaii, in 20° N, lay near the track of the Manila galleon, but its reputed discovery by a pilot of Villalobos is now discredited. Many of these groups were to be discovered by expeditions sailing from east to west—the Spanish from Peruvian ports, the Dutch and English by Magellan Strait Cape Horn.

By the middle of the 16th century the Pacific had become an objective for exploration and not merely a trade route; and nearly all these enterprises were inspired by one of the most persistent of geographical illusions. The concept of a vast inhabited continent, extending from the South Pole into the Tropics and bounding to the south the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, was inherited by Renaissance geographers from the cosmography of the Christian Middle Ages (Fig. 7). Seeking a scientific basis for this belief, they held that, if the earth were to remain in equilibrium, the land-masses of the northern hemisphere must be

balanced (as Mercator wrote on his world chart of 1569) "under the Antarctic Pole [by] a continent so great that, with the southern parts of Asia, and the new India or America, it should be a weight equal to the other lands." For two and a half centuries after Magellan geographers laid down Terra Australis, the Southern Continent, on their maps and anxiously gathered evidence for its existence and outline (Fig. 9).

There were sceptics among the explorers themselves. Magellan's men took Tierra del Fuego to be an island; passing through the Strait "they thought the land to the left to consist of islands, for on that side they sometimes heard the beating and roaring of the sea, as if upon some farther shore." Drake in 1578, blown south from the western end of Magellan Strait, "plainly discovered that the same terra australis, left or sett down to bee terra incognita before we came there, to bee no Continent . . . but broken Islands and large passages amongst them," where "the

Carta Universal en que se contiene todo lo que

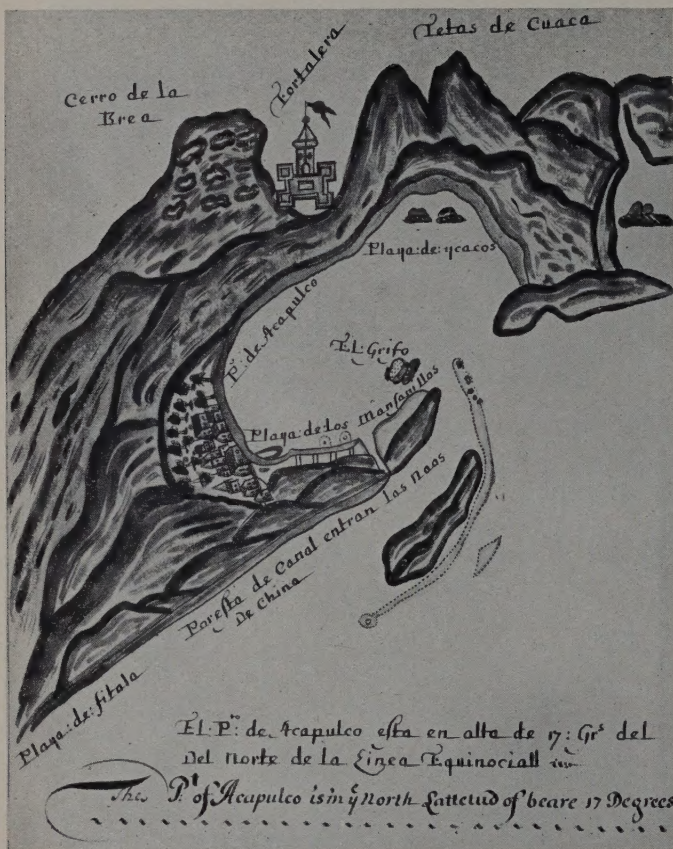


(Fig. 3) The Pacific Ocean in a world chart of 1529 by Diogo Ribeiro, cosmographer to the King of Spain. Magellan's track is marked by the drawings of his two ships, the Victoria and Trinidad. The length of Magellan's crossing had impressed cartographers; Ribeiro shows the width—

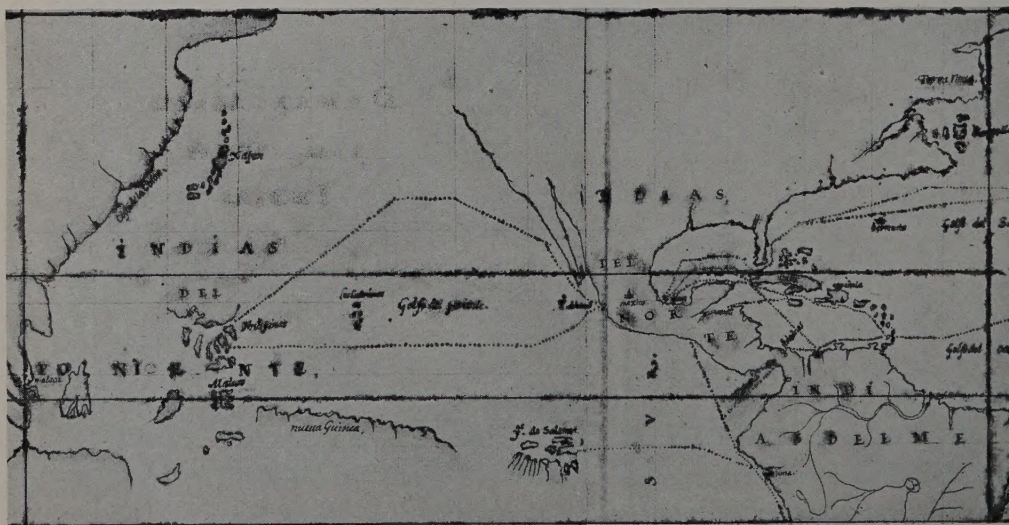
que del mundo se ha descubierta fasta agora, hysol



—of the Pacific from Peru to the Moluccas as 125° of longitude, some 25° short of the true distance. (Inset) The Magellan Strait from another Spanish chart drawn in 1527, probably by Ribeiro. Place-names as far as the Pacific indicate Magellan's passage round the Patagonian coast



(Fig. 4: left) Chart of the port of Acapulco in Mexico by William Hack, showing the channel by which "the ships from China" (i.e. the Manila galleons) enter. This chart is found in Hack's copy of a manuscript Spanish rutter (set of charts and sailing-directions) of the Pacific coast of America drawn at Panama in 1669 and captured by the buccaneer Captain Bartholomew Sharp off Chile in 1680. (Fig. 5: below) A map of the Pacific by Lopez de Velasco. By about 1580, when it was drawn, the Spanish trade routes from Mexico to the Philippines had been established. From Acapulco the galleon sailed each March on her three months' voyage to Manila, returning with the south-west monsoon into 40° N, where westerly winds brought her to the Californian coast after a voyage of six months. (Fig. 6: opposite) This crude map by Francis Fletcher, Drake's chaplain, shows a group of islands "bearing triangle-wise one from another" at the western entrance of Magellan Strait. The legend "Terra Australis bene cognita" records Drake's scepticism on the identification of Tierra del Fuego with the Southern Continent.

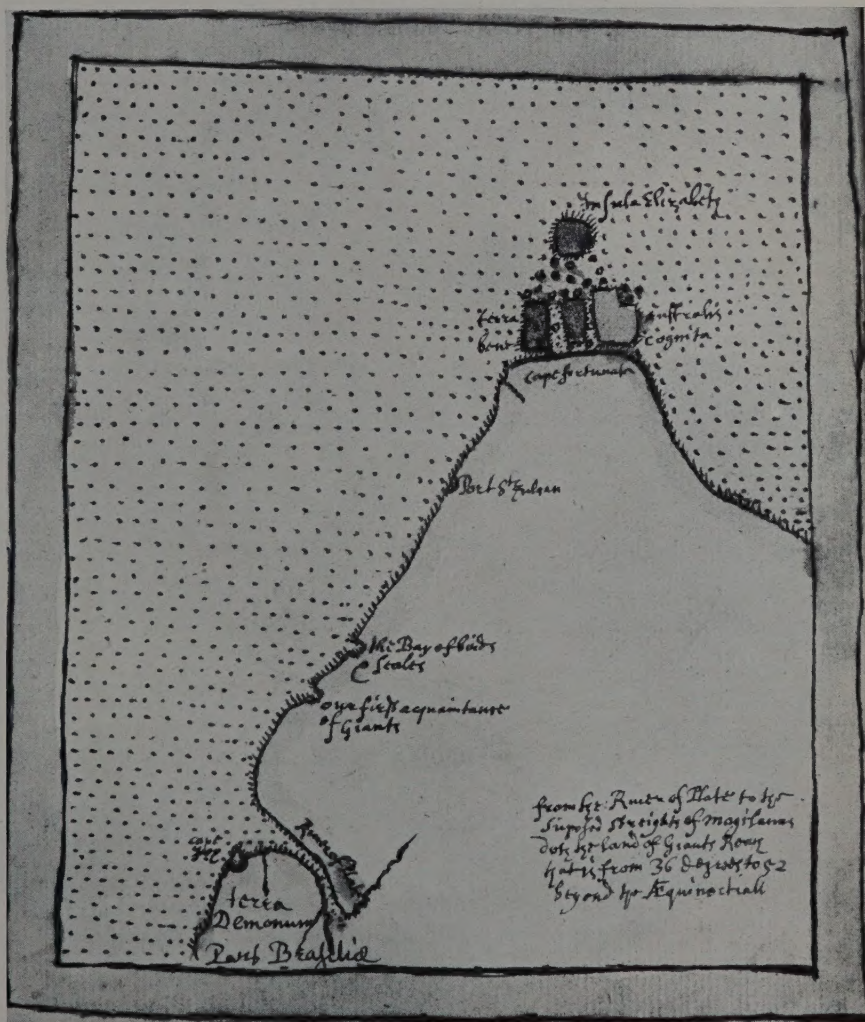


Atlantic Ocean and the South Sea meet in a most large and free scope" (Fig. 6). In 1681 the buccaneer Captain Bartholomew Sharp sailed from Panama south to 60° round Cape Horn, and the narrator of his voyage inferred "that there is no such continent as Terra Australis incognita, as is named and described in all the ancient maps."

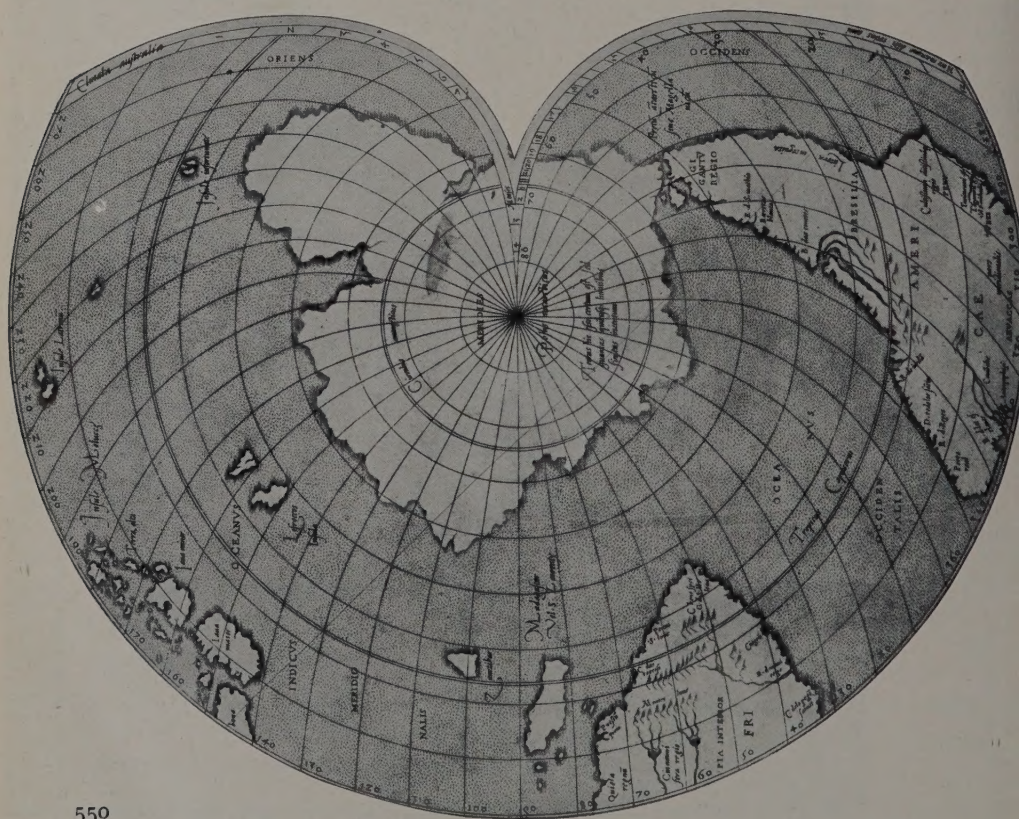
Yet from the time of Magellan to that of Cook the search for Terra Australis led to almost every notable discovery in the Southern Pacific, and mapmakers confidently plotted new landfalls and signs of land reported by navigators as details of a conti-

mental coast. Nor could the existence of the Southern Continent be wholly demonstrated or disproved by expeditions sailing from the east with the trade winds. These left unexamined, to the south of the tropic, a vast area within which a ship could not make head against the westerlies and a continent might still be conjectured to lie. Only to ships entering the Pacific from the west was this area open for exploration.

The first Spanish expedition from Peru, provoked by tales of an Inca voyage to islands to the west (perhaps the Galapagos) and "fitted out for the discovery of certain



These three maps illustrate conceptions of Terra Australis, the Southern Continent, held by 16th-century cartographers. (Fig. 7: below) The Southern Hemisphere, in a world-map by Mercator, 1538. (Fig. 8: opposite, top) South-east Asia, from a world chart of 1542 by Jean Rotz, hydrographer to King Henry VIII. (Fig. 9: opposite, bottom) Part of the Southern Continent, by Cornelis Wytfliet, 1597. In Mercator's map the Continent bears the modest legend: "That land lies here is certain, but its size and extent are unknown." Its coastline, the northernmost point of which reaches about 35° S in the Pacific, is shown as conjectural, with the exception of Tierra del Fuego, which appears as a headland of the Continent. Later mapmakers delineated the outline and interior of the Continent with greater assurance, giving it wider extension and more detail. Wytfliet, following Mercator's world chart of 1569, lays down two promontories, separated by a gulf, to the south of New Guinea and "Iaua maior"; to one of these are transferred kingdoms of south-east Asia recorded by Marco Polo. The Solomon Islands are drawn as outliers of Terra Australis. In Rotz's chart, the configuration of the north coast of the Continent ("The londe of Jaua") has been held to suggest an early discovery of Australia by the Portuguese

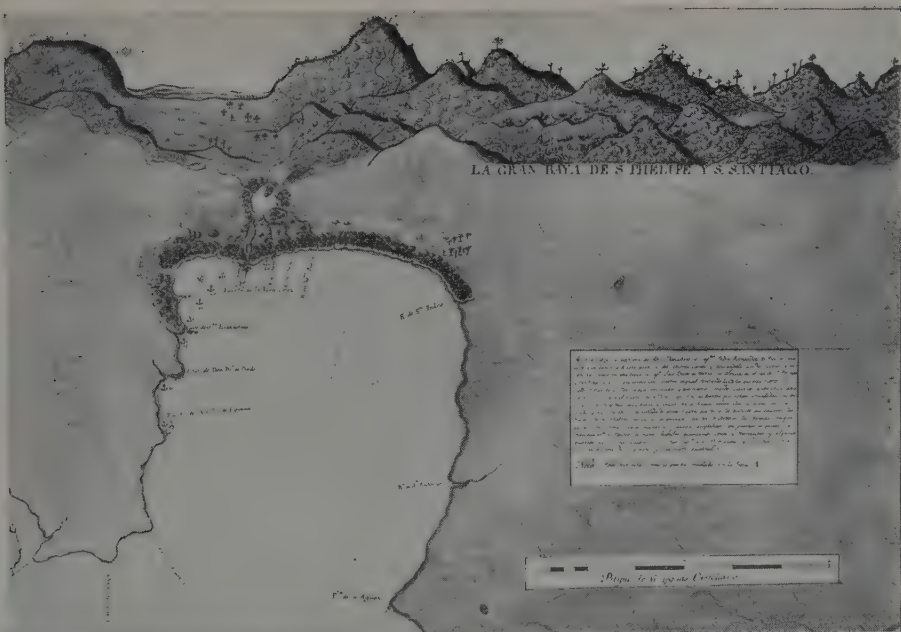




Maps of the Pacific by Ortelius in 1587 (Fig. 10 : above) and Herrera 1602 (Fig. 11 : below) show the Solomons some 40° too far east. Both Prado's chart of the Bay of St Philip and St James (Fig. 12 : opposite, top), from Quiros' expedition in 1606, and Hack's copy of a Spanish map of 1669 (Fig. 13 : opposite, bottom) draw Quiros' discoveries in the New Hebrides as part of a continent



LA GRAN BAYA DE S^t PHILIPPE Y S^t SANTIAGO

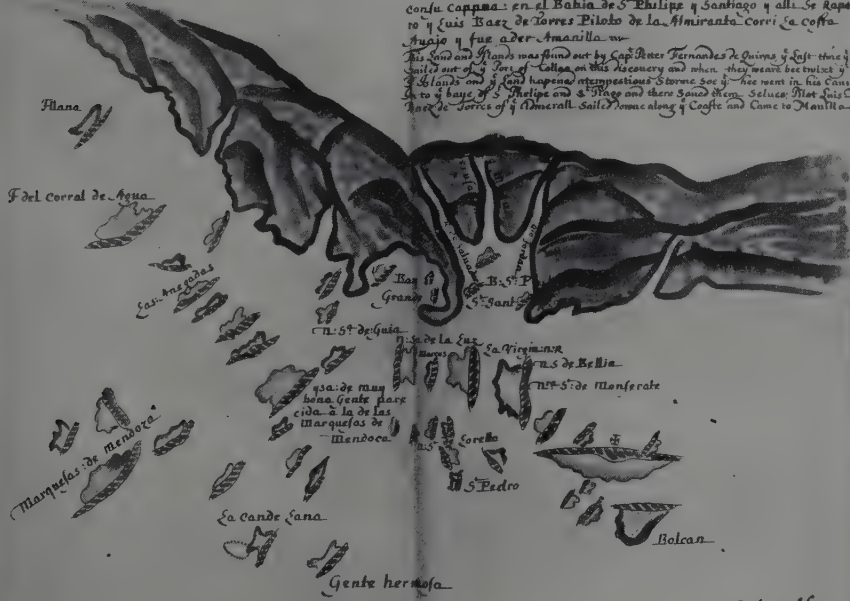


Esta es una carta de la Baya de S. Philippe y S. Santiago de la qual se ha sacado esta copia para que se vea la forma de ella y la situacion de las cosas que en ella estan. La Baya de S. Philippe y S. Santiago es una de las mas grandes y hermosas de las Indias Occidentales. En ella estan situados los dos castillos de S. Philippe y S. Santiago, y tambien el Puerto de S. Felipe. La Baya de S. Philippe y S. Santiago es una de las mas seguras y cómodas para el comercio de las Indias Occidentales. En ella estan situados los dos castillos de S. Philippe y S. Santiago, y tambien el Puerto de S. Felipe. La Baya de S. Philippe y S. Santiago es una de las mas seguras y cómodas para el comercio de las Indias Occidentales.

10 leguas

Esta costa gefes qdas des Cubrio el Cap^t Pedro Fernandez de quiras
La poferra vez q' Salio del P^{to} del Cabao a esse descubrimto q' estando
entre las dehas qdas y la costa q'edio Virgueroso Temporal^l yento
confu cappaa: en el Bahia de S^t Philippe y Santiago y alli se Rapa
ro y Luis Baez de Torres Piloto de la Armiranta Corri la costa
Auajo y fue ader Amanilla

This land and Bay was found out by Cap^t Peter Fernandes de Quiras y Capt^l thos y
Sailed out of the Port of Caloa on this discovery and when they were betwixt y
y Islands and y land hapened interposition of Storme Sea y the name of this Country
La ro y Baye of S^t Philippe and S^t Sago and there found them. Salua Pilot of the
Baez de Torres of y Amerall Sailed home along y Coast and Came to Manilla



Surueyd: by: order: of the: King
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Anno Domj 1669

islands and a continent," sailed from Callao in 1567 under Alvaro de Mendaña, with Hernan Gallego as chief pilot and Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa in command of the flagship. Mendaña, following a course to the north of Magellan's, missed all the Polynesian islands; and the Solomon Islands, which he discovered and explored, were certainly not Terra Australis, which Sarmiento asserted to lie to the south-east, vainly advocating "a south-east course in search of the other land which he wished to discover, lying opposite Chile". The Solomons were the first of the great Pacific island groups to appear on the maps (Figs. 5, 10, 11), in a form doubtless derived from the now lost charts of Mendaña. Their location, however, laid down by Gallego by dead-reckoning 1700 leagues west of Peru (less than half the true distance), was long to perplex both cartographers and explorers. They were mapped in widely separated parts of the western Pacific; even identified with the Marquesas, 70° to the east; and finally in despair removed from the chart altogether. "Although the group included eight large islands stretched like a net across the course of navigators in an almost unbroken line for 600 miles," it was sought in vain for two

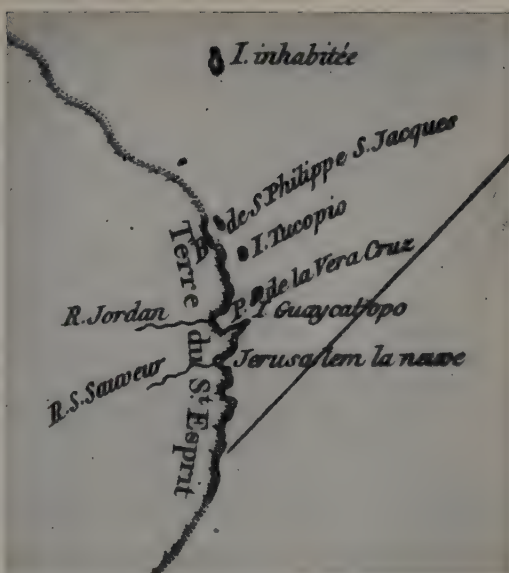
centuries, and the first two explorers to re-discover it (Carteret in 1767 and Bougainville in 1769), failing to recognize it, concluded that "if there were any such islands, their situation was erroneously laid down."

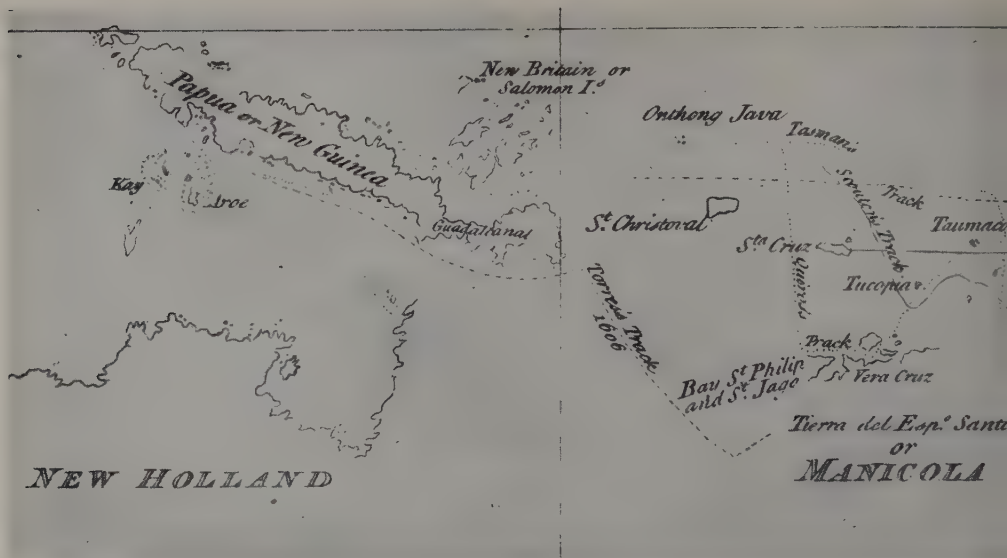
Two more Spanish voyages were to be made from Peru to colonize the Solomons and the continent of which they might be outliers. On his expedition in 1595-6, with Pedro Fernández de Quiros as chief pilot, Mendaña discovered the Marquesas (Fig. 13)—the first Polynesian archipelago to become known—and reached the Santa Cruz group, four degrees east of the Solomons, which he failed to find. Quiros himself, a visionary and an expert navigator, had (as the Spanish Council of State noted) "got it into his head to be a second Columbus," whose mission was the annexation of Terra Australis for Spain and the conversion of its natives. Sailing in 1605, on a course to the south of those taken by earlier navigators, he passed through the Tuamotu Archipelago and, missing the Santa Cruz islands, reached the New Hebrides, which he recognized as the continent "sought for so long." Here, with solemn ceremony, he took possession "of this bay named the Bay of St Philip and James . . . and of the site on which is to be founded the city of

(Fig. 14) This chart published at Amsterdam in 1700 is probably derived from a lost map of Torres' voyage brought from Portugal. "Nouvelle Guinée", with Spanish names along the south coast, has been grafted on the conventional representation which showed a land connection with Australia



(Fig. 15 : below) The delineation of New Guinea in (this map by Robert de Vaugondy, published in 1756, is based upon the chart of 1700 (Fig. 14), but the discoveries of Torres are more successfully assimilated to the older representation. "Nouvelle Guinée" has been moved some 20° to the east and is in a recognizably modern form; all trace of a land connection with Australia has disappeared. Ignorance of the longitude of the New Hebrides, reached by Quiros in 1606 and supposed by him to be part of a continent, has led the cartographer to locate Quiros' discoveries on the unknown east coast of Australia (right), where we see his Australia del Espíritu Santo ("Terre du St' Esprit"), New Jerusalem, Bay of St Philip and St James, and Port of Vera Cruz. This was one of the maps carried by Cook in the Endeavour, and he wrote in his journal in 1770: "I all ways understood before I had a sight of these Maps that it was unknown whether or no New-Holland and New-Guinea was not one continued land . . . but as I beleive it was known before tho' not publikly I clame no other merit than the clearing up of a doubtfull point."





(Fig. 16) A chart, engraved by Alexander Dalrymple in 1767, showing Torres' track through his strait in 1606. Dalrymple obtained his information from a memorial addressed to the King of Spain about 1614, a copy of which had fallen into British hands at the capture of Manila in 1765

New Jerusalem . . . and of all this region of the south as far as the Pole, which from this time shall be called *Austrialia del Espiritu Santo*" (Figs. 12, 13). The supposed longitude of Quiros' new discovery, like that of the Solomons, ascertained by dead reckoning, gave geographers wide scope for individual judgement. On their maps (Fig. 15) *Austrialia del Espiritu Santo* and New Jerusalem were ultimately located on the north-east coast of New Holland (Australia), 350 leagues west of the correct position; and the error was not rectified until Bougainville sailed west from the New Hebrides in 1768.

At the Bay of St Philip and St James, Quiros was separated from his second ship, in which were Captains Diego de Prado y Tovar and Luis Vaez de Torres. While Quiros returned to New Spain by the northern route, Prado and Torres sailed south-west and then north-west. This brought them to the eastern point of New Guinea, from which they ran along the south coast, passing through Torres Strait and making for Manila. The north coast of New Guinea had been examined by Saavedra and by one of Villalobos' captains, Ortiz de Retes, who named it; Prado and Torres were the first navigators to ascertain that it was an island. Although evidence of their passage through Torres Strait found its way onto printed maps (Figs. 14, 15), the

reports and charts which they forwarded to the King of Spain remained secreted in the Spanish archives, and with them their discovery. When Cook sailed through the Strait in 1770, he was able to claim the satisfaction of "being able to prove that New-Holland and New-Guinea are two Separate Lands or Islands, which untill this day hath been a doubtfull point with Geographers."

To Quiros' importunate petitions for royal support of further voyages to *Terra Australis*, the King of Spain's advisers were indifferent. They recommended that his services should be retained lest he offer them elsewhere but that he should not be re-employed in discovery or colonization. Spain's interest was now seen to lie in the sealing off of the Pacific as a Spanish lake, within which her established commercial routes would be secure and no other power would have the opportunity to attempt the further discoveries which she denied herself. This policy partly explains the relative poverty of the cartographic records of the Spanish voyages, by comparison with those of the Dutch and English. The raids of Drake in 1577-80 and of Cavendish in 1588-90 had already betrayed the weakness of the Spanish empire in the South Sea; but it was the Dutch, not the English, who were to add the next chapter in the exploration and mapping of the Pacific.

Bornholm: Pearl of the Baltic

by H. DENNIS JONES

Mr Jones introduces us to an island which, ten years ago, only just succeeded in remaining on the Western side of the Iron Curtain. He describes its strongly Danish character, its eventful early history, its products and their manufacture, and its varied attractions as a holiday resort

FOR your first visit to Bornholm travel by the night boat from Copenhagen. You leave from Havnegade ("Harbour Street"), practically in the city's centre, and to stand on deck and watch the bright lights of the capital speeding away from you as the handsome white vessel heads silently for the open water of the Sound gives the start of your journey a touch of enchantment that you will not quickly forget. But to wake up at 7 o'clock next morning and look out of your cabin porthole at the incredibly brilliant light, the deep-blue water and clean red roofs of the island's capital, Rønne, is to experience the feeling of having travelled overnight to some earthly paradise. The sunlight on Bornholm is as bright as the Mediterranean's, yet whiter, cleaner and less demoralizing despite its intensity. I was not surprised to discover that of all the gems to which this coloured island might be likened it is the white pearl that has been chosen: "The Pearl of the Eastern Sea"—meaning, of course, the Baltic—is what the Bornholmers call their land.

On my first visit to Bornholm I was the guest of Hr Mortensen at his farm, Yppernegård, just outside the village of Nyker (pronounced Nükör), a few miles from Rønne. Yppernegård stands almost at the top of a gentle rise and the view north-westward down the slope as one comes out of the farmyard has remained my most vivid memory of the island. From here Bornholm looks like one huge field, unbroken and unbounded by hedges, but dotted with farms large and small, punctuated by the tall chimneys of the co-operative dairy just beyond Nyker and the tileworks in the distance towards Hasle, criss-crossed by roads and chequered by the large variety of flourishing crops, each one cultivated right up to the edge of its neighbours. On still days, above the buzz of tractors and the song of skylarks, the noise of the island's little diesel trains clanging along their unfenced single tracks and stopping for a few

moments at Nyker Station can be clearly heard.

Until the visitor has grown accustomed to them, these two- or at most three-coach trains invest the island with a sort of faery unreality. "Goblinish", was my wife's word for them. They are of normal gauge, the red-brick station buildings are pleasant and spacious and also, incidentally, serve as post offices. Yet the whole railway system, like the island itself, seems to belong to a miniature world. Unfortunately, the railway is too expensive. Buses and lorries can do the work more cheaply nowadays. The next ten or fifteen years will see the final disappearance of Bornholm's toy trains.

I had not been on Bornholm long, however, before I realized that the big field I could see from Yppernegård and the trains I could hear were only one of the many aspects presented by this small island, twenty-three miles by eighteen from end to end. There are great stretches of woodland and heath, verdant dells, little meres and great masses of granite outcrop. The island is anything but flat, as you soon realize if you try cycling, and one of the recognized beauty-spots is a wild and wooded area called Paradisbakkerne, "The Hills of Paradise". Birds of all sorts abound. A few miles north-east of Bornholm, one of the Christiansø group of islands, Graesholm, has been set aside as a bird sanctuary, where only visitors having good reason and special permission may land.

But Bornholm's greatest charm is probably its coast scenery. This ranges from the gaunt heather-covered granite headland at the island's northern extremity, aptly named Hammeren, "The Hammer", to the mile upon mile of dunes and sandy shore, with dangerous quicksands at one point, in the extreme south at Dueodde. In between, magnificent cliffs, such as those at Helligdommen in the east, or around the ancient ruin known as Hammershus on the west coast just south of Hammerhavn, alternate with

sandy beaches and rocks lapped by ten or twenty feet of the tide-free Baltic. On these you can live all day like a seal, basking in sunshine for hours on end, with a dive and a swim from time to time. The cliff tops are mostly covered with fine woods and provide lovely walks. Every now and again the path leaves the wood and emerges into some superb view of cliff and rocks and blue sea. And every now and again the path, like the main road, dips down to one of the 'handkerchief-sized' harbours such as Gudhjem, Vang, Hammerhavn, Allinge, Hasle or, tiniest of them all, Tejn, which are another of miniature Bornholm's miniature features. Watching a passenger steamer manoeuvring to a berth inside a harbour apparently no wider than the ship is long makes one feel like quoting the child shown her first giraffe at the Zoo: "I don't believe it."

Man, happily, has not lagged behind nature in beautifying Bornholm. Bright colours are the rule. Sandstone red is perhaps predominant. The older farms and houses are all wood-frame structures and some still have thatched roofs. The wood is usually black, the foundations are often white and the plaster between the frame's sections sandstone red. But white and red may be reversed, or one or the other supplemented or supplanted by blue, yellow and green. The fishing village of Gudhjem is justly famous for its brightly coloured buildings, and not far off is a farm whose gable-end is

coloured red, green and yellow like a giant Neapolitan ice cream. Bright colours naturally appear on many fishing boats, which often, too, sport red or green sails. They also appear in the clothes worn by most of the island's younger women and the children. And though most of the older generation are noticeably subfusc in attire and stern in their Lutheran outlook one cannot help noticing traces of age-old colour even in their churches. Ny Kirke ("New Church"), from which Nyker gets its name, has murals hundreds of years old and the Aa Kirke's 16th-century pulpit must be one of the gayest in the world.

A wealth of Bornholm's history is enshrined in its churches. In early days the sparsely populated island was an easy prey for Baltic pirates and other marauders. The island's oldest extant defences are earthworks in the central region of Almindingen. Then, from about the beginning of the 13th century or a little earlier over a dozen churches began to be built, all a few miles inland and all with towers capable of serving as fortresses. Cattle and farm animals on the ground floor, women, children and fighting men upstairs was apparently the rule. Standing in one of these thick-walled towers one realizes with sudden vividness that the words of Luther's hymn, "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*", had literal as well as metaphorical meaning not so long ago.

Four of these churches—Østerlars Kirke, Nylars Kirke, Ols Kirke and Ny Kirke—are, in fact, nothing but circular towers with small ground-floor projections for a porch and a chancel. The upper floors are supported by a great central column and the main walls by heavy external buttresses. Oddly enough, both inside and out these "round churches" are most attractive and form one of Bornholm's most distinctive features. Ny Kirke, incidentally, has an altar cloth copied from a piece of mediaeval weaving in London's Victoria and Albert Museum. But how or why it got there no-one could tell me.

The massive and elaborately fortified Hammershus was built in the middle of the 13th century. Once almost a township in itself and still impressive today though in ruins, it was for centuries the seat of the island's governor and the centre of its administration. Despite its almost impregnable



A. J. Thornton



All Kodachromes by the author

One of Bornholm's most striking features is its cliff scenery. Paths that meander through woods along the cliff-tops emerge suddenly to provide views such as this, on the island's east coast

position and defences it passed out of Danish control on several occasions. In the 16th century raiders from Lübeck captured it and ruled Bornholm for a while. In the next century it passed into Swedish hands for two short periods.

On the second occasion, in 1658, a Swedish colonel called Printzensköld took it upon himself to raid a Bornholm whose inhabitants had not long since been decimated by a plague, in order to raise men and money for the Swedish king's wars. Unfortunately for him, the Swedes then attacked Denmark. The Bornholmers have always been intensely patriotic and ferociously proud of being Danes—an odd fact when one considers how very much closer the island is to Sweden than to any part of Denmark. This attack on "their" country was too much for them. Although the island's whole population then numbered only 8000 (Rønne alone has 13,000 today), they rose at once in revolt. Printzensköld was captured while in Rønne, the Swedes were ejected from Hammershus and an embassy of leading citizens went to King Frederik III in Copenhagen to pledge him

the island's loyalty. In return he promised never to let Bornholm be taken from Denmark—a promise which soon cost him five barrels of gold, the price exacted by the Swedes in return for an undertaking not to attack the island. However, to this day the name of Bornholm's "liberator", Jens Koefoed, is still honoured in the island, and as recently as 1912 a monument commemorating his deeds and the Bornholmers' patriotism was erected beside the road to Hammershus.

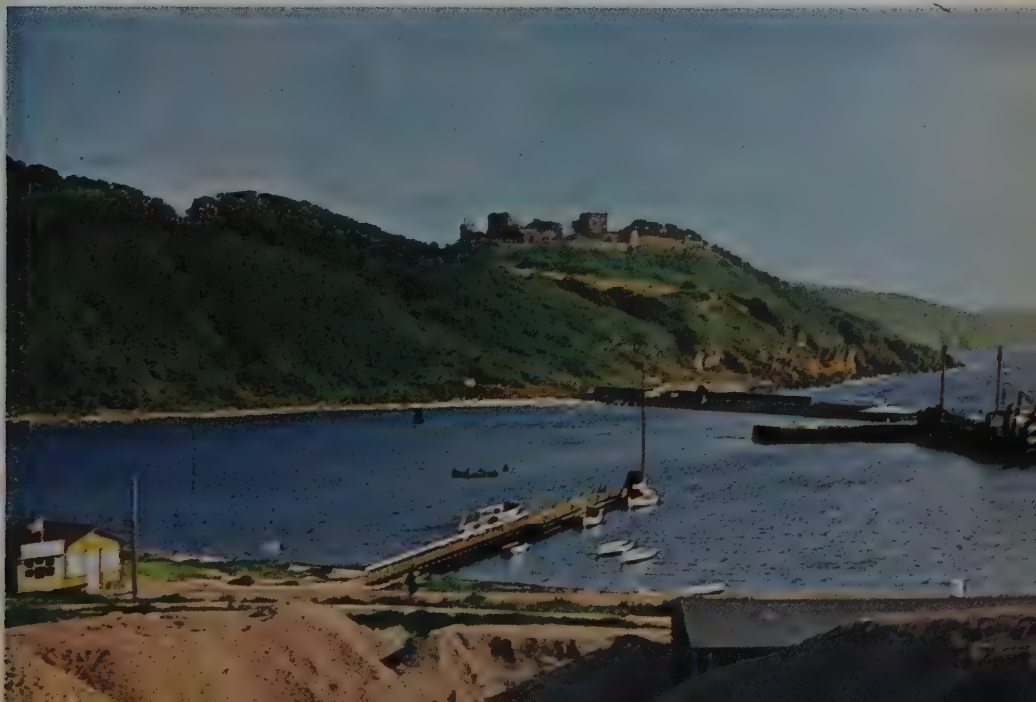
One line of the quatrain on the memorial stone, *Frisfødt Aet har Faedres Sprog*, "A freeborn race has its country's tongue", stresses Bornholm's linguistic affinity with Denmark. Not even the proudest Bornholmer, however, will deny that "Bornholmsk" is very different from Danish proper. I dropped a sorry brick one day by suggesting—foolhardily, since I have only a smattering of Danish and Swedish—that Bornholmsk seemed to resemble Swedish in some ways. Patriotic Bornholmers prefer the view, put forward by some philologists, that Bornholmsk is the purest of all Old



Among Bornholm's ancient churches are four that are little more than circular towers with projections for porch and chancel. The walls are several feet thick and have the support of bulky buttresses. They were built in this way because they were used as places of refuge against the attacks of pirates and other marauders. Farm animals occupied the ground floor while the human inhabitants sought safety upstairs. (Above) The biggest of the round churches is that at Osterlars. A ring of arrow-slits is visible on the upper floor. The neatly kept churchyard, with granite headstones on the graves, is typical of Denmark. Despite stern Lutheran traditions the Bornholm churches have retained the use of colour much more than we have in our own churches. A good example is the 16th-century pulpit (left) in the island's largest church, the Aa Kirke. For all the carved injunction to remember man's mortal nature—*Cogita te mortalem*—in its exciting colour and form it seems to express a healthy delight in life on this earth



(Above) Dominating the wooded cliffs at the north-western tip of the island is the ancient Hammershus ruin. Despite dilapidations the ruin's main keep is still impressive. Today it looks down on a little harbour (below), where granite chips of every size, hewn from the solid rock, are shipped for export





Though the Bornholmers are always ready to adopt any innovation that will improve crops or increase production they are never anxious to abandon old and tried methods (Left) It is quite common to see a windmill as part of a very up-to-date farm or flour-mill while (below) on important occasions many Bornholm families continue to use horse-drawn char-à-bancs. Here is one driving to the annual Agricultural Show at Almindingen



Right) Despite the use of modern machinery, haymaking at Ypperne-rård, as on other Bornholm farms, manages to retain much of its traditional character with everyone, including the farmer's family and thirteen-year-old schoolboy on a visit from Copenhagen, giving a hand and until the last load has been carried. (Below) On Bornholm horses are still bred with care and extensively used on even the largest and most highly mechanized farms





Rising above Rønne's roofs and the yachts in the harbour—the only sizeable one on the island—the spire of the capital's 16th-century church is a landmark readily recognized by all who approach from the sea. The congregation of the church consists mostly of folk who earn their living from the sea



(Above) Though it is by no means the smallest of the island's harbours that of Gudhjem nevertheless seems barely large enough to hold the little steamer that sails daily to Christiansø in the summer.

(Below) Gudhjem is Bornholm's gayest village. Even the herring-smokery is painted yellow and white





Each day in Rønne during the season thousands of herrings are landed, smoked and shipped to Copenhagen later the same morning. The "genuine Bornholmer" is a much prized, but inexpensive, delicacy

Norse's descendants.

For centuries the Bornholmers went their way virtually undisturbed. But in the 1920s certain painters began to appreciate the quality of Bornholm's light and an influx of German holidaymakers started, which accounts for the peculiar architecture of one or two hotels in the Sandvig area. In 1940 a German occupation of a very different sort began. Not that the Germans were especially brutal; Bornholm was always a regular escape route to Sweden for Danish resistance workers, and the German attempts to build fortifications on the Dueodde quicksands disposed effectively of all *Herrenvolk* propaganda. But at the very end of the war Bornholm paid bitterly for another attempt to separate it from Denmark.

The Yalta conference thoughtlessly assigned Bornholm to Russian and Denmark to Allied occupation. But the German commander, receiving no orders, refused to surrender to the Russians. Nexø and Rønne were bombed. Then, on the very day when the rest of Denmark was wildly celebrating its liberation the citizens of Rønne, safe in the surrounding fields, once more had to watch their homes being blown up. Eventually the German commander surrendered and the island was occupied by the Russians for a year. Then they left and Bornholm remained on our side of the Iron Curtain. But only just. I expect most people in Britain had never heard of it until a deserting Polish pilot landed a MIG fighter on Rønne's little airfield two years ago.

But events of this sort barely ruffle the calm of Bornholm today. The island is astonishingly free from crime. Folk do not always lock their doors when they go out. The whole island has only five plain-clothes policemen and their jobs are reputedly sinecures. Bicycles are occasionally stolen, but their loss is no sooner reported than they are recovered—from the army camp near Rønne whither they have been ridden by some young serviceman anxious to get in before 'lights out'. And everywhere one finds a hard-headed, hardworking appreciation of both old and new. Horses and tractors are equally prized. Working windmills are numerous, for a south-west wind, often intense, besieges the island. But alongside the windmills, part of the same concern, you find the most up-to-date machinery in up-to-date buildings. Concealed in the Aa Kirke's 16th-century pulpit is a microphone, while in the body of the church there are several rows of pews wired with hearing aids for deaf parishioners. The bombed areas of Rønne

have been replaced partly by small houses of traditional design and partly by elegant blocks of modern flats.

The fields of Bornholm are surprisingly productive, considering that three-quarters of the island is granite. Indeed, granite itself is one of the island's oldest exports. Mile upon mile of north German roads are paved with bits of Bornholm. Today, granite quarries are still dotted about the island and beside the little Hammerhavn harbour you will find small mountains of different-sized granite chips waiting to be shipped. Granite-working methods have not altered greatly in the last few decades, nor have those of Bornholm's small pottery industry and the much more important herring fisheries. The harbours round Bornholm's coast are filled mainly with herring boats. What is unusual about Bornholm herrings I do not know, but they are a delicacy worthy of any gourmet. Indeed, to the ordinary Dane "genuine Bornholmer" signifies not a man but a herring. They delighted me so much that I actually got up at 4 a.m. and cycled down to Rønne to see the night's catch brought in, the fish cleaned by a fast-working team of cheerful women, and split in two and hung on racks and then placed over a fire constantly damped with water. When they reappeared they were bright golden in colour. By 8 a.m. the fish were already being packed into boxes for shipment to Copenhagen by the morning boat.

The fisherman's life is still much as it has always been. Farming, on the other hand, has changed vastly in the last sixty or seventy years. Till about 1880 Bornholm, like most of Denmark, was a poor land. The only big houses in the island's townships were owned by farmers' merchants. Then came the co-operative movement. Nowadays the Bornholm farmer disposes of his produce through his own cooperatives—he is probably a member of several—and gets all the advice he needs from his cooperatives' technicians. This system has served him in such good stead that the island today is one of the very few places in the world where bovine tuberculosis and undulant fever have been completely eliminated; the productivity of Bornholm's farms is well above the average even of the rest of Denmark. The farmer's wife probably shops at a consumers' cooperative. And several of the cooperative dairies on the island have joined forces to build Denmark's first cooperative cheese factory at Klemensker. It is magnificently equipped, even possessing shower baths for its employees. What fascinated me most about it, however, was



*Though most farm produce is sold through farmers' cooperatives in Denmark it is only recently that the country's first cooperatively-owned cheese factory, magnificently equipped, has been opened at Klemensker in Bornholm. Here one of the factory's workers is using a machine to inject *Penicillium Roquefortii* into the soft Samso cheese to turn it into Danish Blue*

author

watching the "blue" being put into Danish Blue cheese. This is done by a machine which inserts a score or more tubes into a creamy cheese called Samso after the island of its origin and then injects a blue-green mould—*Penicillium Roquefortii*—into it.

Bornholm's farms are all mixed. Apart from dairy produce and pigs and eggs, wheat, barley, asparagus and considerable quantities of flax are grown. There are potatoes, too, which are rare in Denmark, but they are mostly consumed on the island. Every cultivable spot is intensively used; it is nothing unusual to see a farmer haymaking right up to the roadway macadam. Bornholmers who have been in England think we are mad to spend money on feeding-stuffs when our road verges are wasted.

Small-scale farming of this sort means hard work. But the Bornholmers can play hard, too. The island's annual Agricultural Show

was a red-letter day indeed. From early morning the entire population began to converge on Christianshøj, near Almindingen. Everything that an agricultural show could offer was there, from hens to trotting races and from tractors to furniture. Whole families arrived in old-fashioned horse char-à-bancs others in cars and buses, and floods of them on cycles. The vehicle park had three sections—horse-rails, car park, bicycle racks. The Mortensens and a related family joined forces and produced a gargantuan picnic. And when the racing and the judging and the discussing of tractors and machinery were over the coloured lights were switched on and dancing went on far into the night. But next morning the cows were milked as usual, the churns were put out and collected on time, the pigs and the chickens were fed and only visitors and holidaymakers enjoyed the luxury of sleeping late.

Latin America on the Cinema Screen

by GISELDA ZANI

The author, continuing a series of articles that we are publishing with the collaboration of Dr Manvell, Director of the British Film Academy, discusses the extent to which the films produced in Latin-American countries do and do not truly reflect their national life. Señora Zani is Uruguayan and is one of the foremost Latin-American film critics; the annual Latin-American film festival (similar to those at Venice and Cannes) is held in her country, at Punta del Este

ARGENTINA was the first of the Latin-American nations to produce commercial films. Amateur efforts in cinematography were made in Mexico before 1900, but not until well into the twenties were Mexican studios able to cater for the general public. In Brazil a retrospective exhibition was organized by the Museum of Modern Art at São Paulo in 1952, when the list of films shown was headed by one that was issued in 1919, though the catalogue also refers to a couple of earlier pictures by Mario Peixoto—without, however, mentioning their dates.

In the early days many Argentine films were marred by the melodramatic naturalism that was so fashionable throughout Latin America at the time. One of the first productions—the work of Mario Gallo, an Italian musician who specialized in solo performances at café concerts—was the screen version of a sensational play, *La Muerte Civil*, which had thrilled theatre audiences in Buenos Aires with the death by strychnine poisoning of the protagonist, acted by Giovanni Grasso, who took the same part in the film. Gallo's next venture, also in conjunction with Grasso, was an adaptation of *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

The first films of any importance to be made in Argentina—from 1910 onwards—were based on episodes in the struggle for independence or on the plots hatched by oppressed patriots under the tyrannical rule of Rosas. Both the theme and the treatment of this type of story were exceedingly heroic. A similar attraction led directors at that time to choose some high-flown Spanish melodrama which they might adapt to suit local conditions. The new industry enlarged its hitherto limited sphere in 1915, when *Nobleza Gaucha* awakened interest in other countries of South America. This film struck the same rhetorical note and displayed the same emotional inten-

sity which we still associate, almost invariably, with every attempt by the Argentine cinema to extol the qualities of endurance, generosity and courage that are inherent in the character of the rough country folk whose ways it depicts. A stock rendering of these virtues is thus repeatedly provided, in the manner of a morality play, whereas plain observation of the rural scene would lend a certain documentary interest to such films, if only on the unambitious level of Hollywood's 'Westerns'.

As regards the technique of film-making, the Argentine film industry has steadily progressed, until by now it can be said to have reached an international level of proficiency. On the other hand it lacks the sense of form and the artistic distinction which can be achieved solely by conscious care on the part of the directors. No sign of any such aesthetic considerations had appeared before a new tendency became discernible recently in the work of Luis Saslavski, C. H. Christensen, Alberto de Zavalía, Román Viñoly Barreto (a Uruguayan by birth), and León Klimovski. The first-named pair have made films in Paris, Madrid and Venezuela, while another of the modern generation—Hugo Fregonese—is in Hollywood, where his most notable picture to date was *My Six Convicts*, produced by Stanley Kramer.

Between the infancy of the Argentine film and these latest developments there was one period that just failed of significance, the so-called "tango era". The wish that then showed itself to delve into the teeming, typical life of Buenos Aires was defrauded in the result by a spate of mostly lachrymose lyrics sung by music-hall idols whose chief merit was their very profitable appeal at the box-office. Only in that respect, as a popular form of entertainment, could this minor genre be called successful. Had sufficient trouble been taken to translate the picturesque



the author

(Above) Lucas Demare has been associated with the use of natural settings to portray national life in Argentine films. *The Islanders* (1951) was one of his best. (Below) *The Child with the Cat* (Román Viñoly Barreto, 1953) was marred by the over-theatrical style of acting common to most Argentine films

the author





From the

(Above) A constant theme, as in Pierre Chenal's *The Abyss Opens* (1944), is that of self-sacrificing mothers and forlorn fiancées. (Below) Hugo del Carril's *Mud in the Torrent* (1952), stressing the revolt of the workers against the plantation-owners' sadism, reflects the present government's policy

From the





h Film Academy & Roger Manvell Collections

The two internationally best-known Mexican film-makers, director Emilio Fernández and cameraman Gabriel Figueroa, have dramatized the life of the Indian peasants and fully exploited the photographic value of the Mexican scene, as in (above) María Candelaria (1943), and (below) La Perla (1946)

the author





National Film Library

Only fragments edited by others, such as *Time in the Sun* (above), now survive of the ample material gathered by the Soviet director Eisenstein and his cameraman Tissé for an epic film, *Que Viva México!* (Below) Imitations of their superb photographic imagery can easily lapse into a ludicrous formula

British Film Academy & Roger Manvell Collection





From the author

Rosauro Castro, directed by Roberto Gavaldón (1950). Mexican villages provide romantic settings for the endless stories of feud and violence which are the Mexican film-makers' particular genre

background of the tango into truly cinematic terms, perhaps these *sainetes*, or comedies of manners, might have foreshadowed the triumphs of the neo-realistic school in Italy today; but the opportunity was missed, because a slavish attachment reduced the motion-picture to a mere offshoot or projection of the stage.

A few outstanding films, which raised high hopes of better things to come, were produced between 1937 and 1946, when Colonel Perón became President of Argentina. *North Wind* (1937) and *Prisoners of Earth* (1939), by Mario Soffici, *The Gaucho War* (1942) and *The Barbaric Pampa* (1946), by Lucas Demare, have yet to be surpassed in their kind. All four made noble use of epic themes and of natural settings that matched them in grandeur. Based on the writings of such distinguished authors as Lugones and Quiroga, or on scripts devised by the Olivari-Pondal Ríos partnership and the poet Ulyses Petit de Murat, each of these films achieved its aim

by painting an authentic picture of Argentine life at some particular stage in the growth of the nation.

Meanwhile the majority of film-producers in Argentina were still vainly trying to compete on the international market by borrowing scenarios from foreign sources (Unamuno, Strindberg, de Maupassant, for example), although this practice obviously presented them with a casting problem which, even where mere type parts were concerned, they could not hope to overcome, in spite of all the other advantages that they possessed, such as strong financial support and magnificent studios, complete with first-class equipment and fully trained technical staff. The use of foreign scripts became slightly more justifiable in 1939, when there was an influx of Spanish actors, seeking refuge after the civil war in Spain, who could be employed to reinforce that ragged company of recruits from the music-halls, the radio, and the stage, which passed for a film 'pool' because nobody

had taught them to specialize professionally as performers on the screen. Nor had it ever struck any Argentine casting director that the simplest solution of his difficulties would be to dub in Argentine instead of Spanish voices, when necessary, so as to avoid contrasts in speech.

The present political regime in Argentina started by encouraging the film industry to turn again to patriotic themes, and has continued to exercise its influence with that purpose in view. In complying with the official directive, several pictures have had to distort historical facts in order to show that social ills can now be cured, whereas in the past they were invariably neglected. By the violence of its propaganda *Mud in the Torrent* (1952) betrayed Hugo del Carril's thesis, for it proved that a perfectly made film may falsify its subject if it is forced to obey ulterior motives. Daniel Tynaire's *Dishonour*, also in 1952, gave similar evidence of technical

progress, persistence in past faults, and a new negation of creative freedom.

Although in their chronicles the early explorers of the River Plate tell wondrous tales of sirens, lizard-men, and princesses with the voice and visage of mocking-birds, the Argentine cinema has never sought for inspiration from the magical element which still forms an essential part of the native folklore. Some of these various myths and marvels might have been expected to serve as material for a medium that can claim among its principal attributes the power to conjure up before our eyes the sight of things unseen. Yet so far only twice have attempts been made to turn Argentina's ancient legends into moving pictures: with small success the first time, when the literary pretensions of the script laid too weighty a burden on *Malambo* (directed by Alberto de Zavalia, Pampa Films, 1942), and most felicitously in the case of an artistic 'short' entitled *Turay*, which the Italian

One of the finest films yet produced in Mexico is *Los Olvidados* (1951), a harsh but sympathetic study of a group of street-boys in Mexico City. Luis Buñuel, who made it, is a Spanish director

From the author





From the author

The Mexican film industry, like others, aims directly at the box-office. (Above) A scene from the musical The Cyclone of the Caribbean, with a 'star' surrounded by mariachis in night-club style. (Below) "Cantinflas", beloved comedian of the Latin-American cinema, in a farce called Grand Hotel

British Film Academy & Roger Manvell Collections



Enrico Gras and the Argentine Elías Lap-
sezon produced for the Argentine Film Library
(Cinemateca Argentina) in 1950. Owing to
an error on the part of the distributors this
film, when shown in Europe, was credited to
Uruguay.

The infinite variety of the Argentine land-
scape, which stretches from the green hell of
the Paraguayan border to the snows of
Patagonia, is equalled only by the mixture of
races and nationalities throughout the coun-
try and by the psychological contrasts to be
found among the inhabitants of the capital.
Here you have a people fiercely nationalistic
yet wedded to the thought of Europe; pos-
sessed of a remarkably pungent sense of
humour although totally devoid of a sense of
the absurd; an audience affecting cynicism
whether they belong to the pompous upper
middle class or to the deliberately nonchalant
aristocracy but liable to wax sentimental at
any mention of the Mother or the Betrothed.
The interplay of these conflicting attitudes has
been missed by the Argentine cinema, which
tends to isolate one or other aspect of the na-
tional character and to emphasize some indi-

vidual trait without discerning its significance.

Films are produced in Buenos Aires, as in
Hollywood, for an audience with an average
mental age of twelve. The Argentine film
industry, instead, conceives its audience to
belong to an imaginary middle class whose
members all conform to a single pattern, that
of the 'normal' spectator who worships senti-
ment and dotes on the heroics which he con-
fuses with drama. Such a class must be
imaginary, seeing that even if it were at a
given moment to constitute a statistical
majority in the lands along the River Plate
(despite their semi-feudal, industrially under-
developed character) its membership would
be continually fluctuating in accordance with
changing local economic conditions. From
one generation to the next the people con-
cerned will have been raised to the bour-
geoisie or will be becoming proletarians. In
either case, preoccupied with their new
status, they acquire an altered outlook, and
it is probably for this reason that the majority
—depending on whether they need greater in-
tellectual stimulus or a way of escape from
their worries—will turn to the European film

Chile, Uruguay and Venezuela have so far produced very few films. Among the more interesting of Venezuelan productions is The Coaster Isabel arrived this Evening, directed by C. H. Christensen, which despite some mannerisms achieves authenticity in its picture of life on the Venezuelan coast

From the author



for its artistic and human interest or to Hollywood movies for more spectacular amusement.

So it is that the powerful, well-organized Argentine industry, with an assured outlet for its products both at home and abroad, nonetheless languishes—from sloth, rather than from any other cause. While it is true that some attention is at last being paid to formal values and to the reality, both physical and psychological, of what the camera sees, yet most films suffer still from the old endemic vice of intense theatricality. This and other handicaps will never be overcome until Argentine directors look beyond the immediate objective of making money, to the wider prospects of a land that awaits them, worthy to be recorded in all the splendour of its natural beauty, its mystery, and its youth.

Mexico has fared better on the screen than Argentina. *The Memoirs of a Mexican* are fragments filmed between 1896 and 1926 by Salvador Toscano, and joined to form a whole vivid sequence of scenes from the revolutionary history of Mexico. It was not Fernández's *Marta Candelaria* (1943) that heralded the birth of the Mexican film industry, as is generally thought, although the showing of this film in Europe revealed its existence, which actually goes back about thirty years. *Nets* (Fred Zinnemann and Gómez, Muriel 1933), *Janitzio* (Carlos Navarro, 1934), and *The Under-Dogs* (Chano Urueta, c. 1934) may serve as examples of a clear national spirit coupled with conscious artistry on the part of the directors. Eisenstein's presence in Mexico in 1931-32 made a strong impression on those who had admired his *Battleship Potemkin* and *The General Line*. There is no need to dwell at this point on the hazards that attended the production of *Que Viva México!* The fact remains that everyone connected with the cinema in Mexico at that time succumbed to the spell of the Soviet technicians: especially Fernández and Figueroa to Eisenstein as director and Tissé as cameraman, who caught the look and soul of the country in visions of a startling brilliance, never glimpsed before.

Other sociological and aesthetic factors contributed to the development by the Mexican cinema of a mature and distinctive style. It was not only from the political standpoint that Mexico was seen to be permanently in a state of upheaval, from the nineties until little short of 1930; the Mexican art world was almost equally troubled. In this respect the most significant event was the Beaux Arts students' strike, which lasted from 1911 to

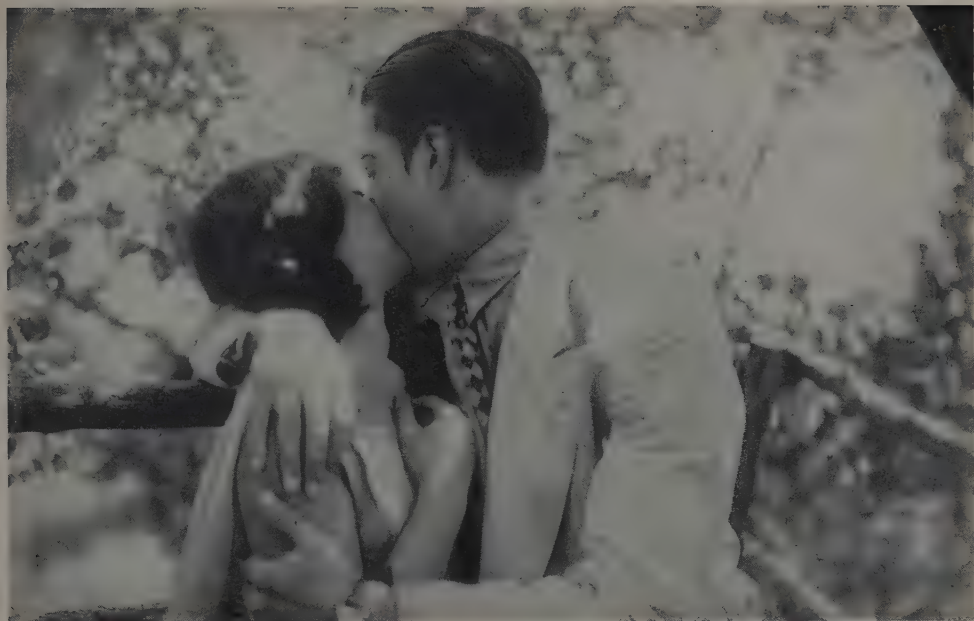
1913. One of the fruits of this rebellion was the monumental work of Diego Rivera, Siqueiros, and Orozco, in which the toiling masses saw themselves loftily portrayed. Another was the revival of interest in popular artists of the 19th century, such as José Guadalupe Posada, who thereafter took their place as the cornerstone on which the entire tradition of the visual arts in Mexico was to be built.

The Mexicans were not slow to acquire technical proficiency in the making of films. For one thing they were within easy reach of Hollywood, where several Mexican directors went to learn their trade, just as American directors would occasionally visit Mexico in quest of local colour. Even a straightforward commercial film like *Down on the Rancho Grande* (Fernando de Fuentes, 1936) had a pleasing freshness, which was to be lost, later on, in the vulgarity of the countless imitations now flooding the Latin-American market.

Emilio Fernández is the man who has done most, in all his films since *Marta Candelaria*, to earn well-deserved respect for the Mexican cinema. He attaches primary importance to the visual image, and thereby manages to add a sure touch of genuine artistry to the making of a film with even the most ordinary script or—no less often—to the delivery of a pompous social sermon on the screen. It is not generally known that, besides acting in *Janitzio*, he had a hand in directing the film with Carlos Navarro. Subsequently the Fernández-Figueroa combination became famous, and it is due to them that not all celluloid versions of Mexico are travesties, although perhaps as many feet of film are taken up with the *marachi* bands and other Mexican nightclub favourites as with the tango in Argentina.

This curious duality in production, which turns out commercial movies of the baser sort on the one hand, and advance-guard films on the other, is exemplified by the work of a Spanish director in Mexico. Luis Buñuel, who made *Un Chien Andalou* and *Land without Bread*, now alternates between opposite poles: his *Grand Casino* and *Susana* are purely commercial pictures, yet at the same time he is capable of creating such a masterly portrait of Mexican types as *Los Olvidados*.

Nevertheless we are entitled to hope that the influence of Buñuel at his best, as in *Los Olvidados*, may give a new lead to the Mexican cinema, which is now in danger of becoming stereotyped if it sticks too closely to the Fernández formula. That danger loomed large in *The Net*, which Fernández released last year, and it is sometimes apparent



By courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art, São Paulo

Brazilian film production has passed through two notable phases: a pioneer period in which screenplays such as Barro Humano (above) were derived from literary sources and a recent movement towards more national themes, well represented by Lima Barreto's film O Cangaceiro (The Bandit) (1952)

From the author





al Film Library.

The national element in Brazilian film-making was greatly stimulated by the return of Alberto Cavalcanti in 1950 to his native country. His film *Caiçara* (above), in story and setting, put a true picture of Brazil on the screen. His liking for comedy was shown in *One-eyed Simon*, made in 1952

the author



in the work of other capable directors, such as Gavaldón and Julio Bracho, who tend to accept a lower artistic standard or allow the story to run away with the picture, but yet on the whole are deserving disciples of Fernández, to whom his fellow-countrymen owe a debt of gratitude, since it was he, after all, who first presented a complete filmic view of Mexico to the world.

Venezuela, Chile and Uruguay have contributed extremely little to the screen in South America. The first-named country sent a film, *The Coaster Isabel arrived this Evening*, to Cannes in 1951; it was based on a story by Guillermo Meneses and had been made, about three years before, by the Argentine director, C. H. Christensen, who spoiled the simple beauty of the original tale with mannerisms bordering on sheer affectation. However, even that could not detract from the enchantment of certain scenes shot on the Venezuelan seaboard. *Reveron*, a documentary produced by Margot Benacerraf on her return from training in Paris, bore the same stamp as the artistic travelogues done by the Italian Enrico Gras in Argentina, Uruguay, and Peru. Uruguay has had nothing more to offer than a list of some eighteen full-length commercial films, a few documentaries, including two excellent ones by Gras (*Artigas* and *Pupila al Viento*), and a steady flow of newsreels that have not always been suffered in silence by cinema audiences. The negligible size of the home market (250 cinemas among less than 2,500,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly 1,000,000 live in Montevideo) would seem to account for such a small output, as against the great number of imported films that are shown in Uruguay. As in Venezuela, however—and also in Cuba, which has recently joined forces for a measure of co-production with Mexico—there is growing enthusiasm in Uruguay for the art of the cinema, amateur film clubs have started up, and the movement appeals to all classes. Among the more promising of these spontaneous efforts are the short scientific films that are being produced by a group of University students under the guidance of Dr Rodofo V. Talice.

Only a few years ago—not indeed until Alberto Cavalcanti returned home from Europe—did Brazil embark on a fresh field of production, which bore every semblance of attaining highly satisfactory results. The pioneer period, prior to 1930, had brought forth two notable pictures: *Barro Humano* and *Límite*, by Mario Peixoto. From then on the

commercial film held sway, with musical productions originating in Rio de Janeiro's famous Carnival. Against this tide Adhemar Gonzaga, Carmen Santos, Humberto Mauro, and Peixoto held out, almost without any practical facilities. As in Argentina, there were no specialized screen writers, so the Brazilian cinema had to rely for its material on historical sources, novels descriptive of local life, and stage plays.

When Cavalcanti arrived back in 1950, he brought with him an international team of experts in the various departments of the film business: H. C. Fowle for the camera, Oswald Hafenrichter for montage, Aldo Calvo as designer, and Eric Rasmussen as his sound engineer. São Paulo had been chosen as the future film-centre of Brazil; but at that time the place did not have a single studio equipped for sound. São Paulo, however, is a prosperous State, and these men—together with other newcomers, such as the Italian Adolfo Celi and the Argentine Tom Payne—soon began to turn out worthwhile films, among which we must not fail to mention *Caçara* (produced by Cavalcanti for Vera Cruz Studios in 1950, with Celi directing), the documentaries entitled *Painel* and *Santuário*, made by Lima Barreto for the same company, his later picture, *O Cangaceiro* (1952), and *One-eyed Simon* (directed by Cavalcanti and produced by Maristela, also in 1952).

The tendency was for these films to reflect the traditions, folklore and customs of the country, while respecting the public taste for eternal triangles and comedy. They should thus have succeeded in making a profit without sacrificing cinematographic values. Unfortunately they suffered from incompetent distribution at home and even worse marketing abroad. Financial losses were sustained, with the result that the Brazilian film industry is now practically at a standstill. Speaking at the recent International Festival at São Paulo, Cavalcanti expressed himself in terms of profound disappointment.

The film trade in all Latin-American countries is beset by the same difficulties: the task of portraying Latin America has yet to be achieved on the screen. There is hope that this aim may be realized completely some day, if schools are established where instruction can be given in the art and technique of the cinema, so that old errors and prejudices are abandoned in favour of a true alliance, throughout the Latin-American world, of an increasing skill in craftsmanship with higher aesthetic standards on the screen.

Italy's Eastern Gateway: Friuli

by LOVETT F. EDWARDS

Le Confessioni di un Italiano by Ippolito Nievo, a novel of which the scene is mainly laid in Friuli at the end of the 18th century, was first published in Italy in 1867 and appeared as one book. Mr Edwards' translation is appearing in four separate volumes of which the first, The Castle of Fratta, was published in a limited edition by the Folio Society in October 1954.

My last visit to Friuli was a sort of literary pilgrimage. When a prisoner of war in the castle of Montechiarugolo I had come across Ippolito Nievo's great novel *The Confessions of an Italian*. Its pace and vigour, and the biting humour of its descriptions, made me decide to translate it.

It was some years before I had enough time to do so. Now it is done and the first part has already appeared. But I wished to visit the site of the Castle of Fratta, where the long story begins and ends. Therefore I went. To Friuli and therefore my chief interest was in what remains there of the times of the decadence and fall of Venice, and of the Napoleonic invasion.

It was the dramatist Carlo Goldoni, born at Venice, who referred to Friuli as "a forgotten province". He was writing at the time of the luxurious decay of Venice, which then held most of the area. But the indictment is still, to some extent, true and point has been added by the ravages of two World Wars.

The average visitor to Italy seldom sees Friuli. Save for one or two winter sports resorts, it is out of the well-trodden paths marked out for him by tourist agencies and

organized sightseeing, and the guide-books pass it by with the minimum of words.

After Venice the electric railway system ceases. One is entering Friuli. From then on, the train is pulled by some sooty steam Behemoth or, on the mountain lines, it dwindles to one of the tiny, but comfortable, diesel 'rail-lice'. But Friuli lies on the main route from west to east. The Simplon Orient Express traverses it—though at a much reduced speed—between Venice and Trieste. Furthermore, the long-drawn-out political squabble over Trieste and Istria has made a part of it familiar to those British and Americans long resident in Trieste, who know the Trieste-Venice motor road only too well.

It is an excellent road, though it is scarcely fair to Friuli. It crosses a somewhat featureless plain, whose main beauties are the continual interplay of light and shade over its wide expanse; there is space and sky. But its long straight avenues are seldom broken by any item of interest to the passer-by; few even turn aside for long enough to see Aquileia, formerly one of the greatest cities of the civilized world but now reduced to a tiny village, though still possessing its ancient basilica and one of the largest and most beautiful mosaic pavements in existence, a reminder of former glories, as well as the long poetical inscription of D'Annunzio in its cypress-shaded cemetery, a reminder of the *condottiere* days of 1918.

Otherwise, there are scattered farmhouses, fruitful but featureless fields, an occasional glimpse of long straight canals which have a certain melancholy beauty, and the enormous

(Opposite) *Portogruaro, of all the cities of Friuli, was the one most influenced by the Venetian Republic which dominated the province for nearly 400 years from 1420. Its inhabitants aped Venetian ways and manners, and Venice itself, so sedulously that it was said with some malice that they even took care to place their buildings on insecure foundations: witness the leaning tower beside the apse of the Cathedral*



A. F. Thornton



The main square of Portogruaro, and the town hall. Today Portogruaro is a backwater rarely visited by travellers who hurry along the road from Venice to Trieste which by-passes the city. Its bishopric was derived from that of Concordia Sagittaria, one of the biggest of the Roman frontier cities, whose site is now obliterated, having been destroyed by the Huns under Attila. As late as the early Middle Ages Portogruaro was still governed in the Roman manner by two consuls





*The Palazzo Marzocchi on the banks of the River Lemene in Portogruaro—the original of the palace of the Frumiers described in *The Castle of Fratta*, a novel by Ippolito Nievo, a native of Friuli—is a good example of the town houses of the Venetian nobility in the terra ferma (those parts of the Republic not in the lagoons). The Lemene in Venetian times carried a busy traffic to and from Venice*



Udine, which has been the administrative capital of Friuli for nearly a thousand years, lies at the foot of the Julian Alps with Austria beyond. Its position as the capital of a frontier province has given it a chequered history stretching from Roman times to the present day: it was the headquarters of the Italian Army from 1915 to 1917. It is an important centre of communications and the most modern town in Friuli

The Castello of Udine, rebuilt in 1517 after an earthquake, was the residence of the Venetian governors. Udine was the seat of the Friulian 'parliament' (which was presided over by the governor) until it passed to Austria under the Treaty of Campo Formio in 1797. The piazza in the foreground, with its 16th-century fountain and clock-tower, is decorated with the Lion of St Mark, which was the symbol of Venetian rule





The military cemetery at Redipuglia, one of many hereabouts, is a bitter reminder of famous battles—Caporetto, Piave and Vittorio Veneto among them—of World War I. The mountain passes leading into Friuli from the east have been a natural path for invaders of Italy for two thousand years



The Castello di Colloredo di Montalbano is probably the finest remaining type of the Friulian feudal castle transformed into a manorial dwelling. It was at one time owned by the family of Ippolito Nievo and he himself stayed there; its patriarchal kitchen was described by him in one of his novels



Gorizia is once again a frontier fortress on the newly established Italo-Yugoslav frontier. In the 18th century robber-barons lived in feudal mountain-strongholds like the one that frowns above Gorizia but they also owned town houses there or in Udine or even Venice. One such family were the Lantieris whose town house was in the main square of Gorizia while their outlying castles included Vipacco which is now in Yugoslavia

factories of the Snia Viscosa. Motorists in a hurry may bless the excellent by-pass system which avoids the narrow-streeted mediaeval townships. But it has this disadvantage: it reduces so lovely and interesting a little city as Portogruaro to a dull and dusty square, a single road-house, modern and with good food though supremely uninteresting (its fellow, a little inn under the same proprietorship inside the city walls, is old-fashioned, comfortable and charming), and some of the most hideous petrol-stations imaginable which introduce the most modern forms of 'Fascist' architecture to a countryside singularly unvisited to accept them.

The lovely though battered Friuli villages of the plain lie well away from both road and railway line, their existence only marked by a campanile or a castle tower rising above the flat landscape. To the south lie the great lagoons of Caorle, Marano and Grado, invisible to the swooping motorist; to the north, scarcely visible, is the long line of the mountains. Now and again the road crosses one of the rivers that link the two, with names famous in the history of war: Piave, Tagliamento and Isonzo.

"Friuli", says Nievo, "is an image of the universe in little; there is no region that includes vistas so various, from the immaculate summits of the Alps to the boundless mirror of the sea, from its marshy plains to the arid ridges where grow the vines".

This violent contrast between mountains and plain is the key to the history of Friuli. The eastern passes are the gateway to Italy. For centuries—indeed millennia—invasaders have flowed through this gap, from before the days of Attila till those of Caporetto and Vittorio Veneto. It is a frontier province, entirely lacking in the comfortable assurance of the centuries that envelops most of old-time Italy. Its greatest cities do not change with the ages, like Florence or Rome or Naples. They disappear altogether, like Pompeii or Herculaneum, save that the causes of their extinction are due not to nature but to man. Those that have ranked high in the past have now shrunk to mere villages; little is left of Aquileia save the remains of its great basilica, while the visitor is hard put to it to find and recognize the site of great Concordia. Those that still remain important—Udine, Cividale, Gorizia—have the tense, waiting air of frontier fortresses, which Gorizia has indeed once more become.

These contrasts in geography are matched by the contrasts of the type and character of the men who live there. The mountains sheltered the castles of the feudal nobles longer

and more jealously than anywhere else in individualistic Italy. Real robber barons, they looked more to Vienna whose rule was distant and ineffective than to the iron, oligarchic rule of Venice. The plains, rich and unwarlike, accepted the rule of Venice, and her influence has remained in this part of Friuli long after the Most Serene was overthrown. Indeed, it is not too hard to note that difference today, though the motor-bus and the petrol-station are rapidly making these regional traits more difficult to see.

As with the people, so with their castles and their homes. Follow the line of the Tagliamento southward, from its awe-inspiring gorges down to its peaceful and leisurely junction with the lagoons. There are between twenty and thirty of the Friulian castles along its course. The names of the castles in the mountains and their foothills—Rocca Moscarda, Osopo, Spilembergo—show the mixed Veneto-Austrian nature of the Friuli nobility. Indeed, many of them are in present-day Austria or Yugoslavia, including that castle of the de Lantieri family at Vipacco, which was visited about 1760 by Goldoni. "There is no other province in Italy", he says, "that has so many nobles; almost all its lands are feuds, dependent on their local lords." The picture he has left of their hospitality makes an impression of barbaric, casual luxury and a plenty more reminiscent of Tsarist Russia than of anything Latin or Italian.

Goldoni's father was an official in Friuli at the time, and his description is of the mountain country, where holds like Vipacco or Roccaforte glare down over the *torrentes*, boiling with snow water after the spring floods, but for most of the year wide expanses of stony waste traversed by a few thin streams. In the flat plains near the river mouths the castles were gradually modified by centuries of uneasy peace under the claws of the Lion of St Mark, until they resembled great country houses rather than frontier fortresses. The people of the plain regarded their neighbours of the mountains as rude and uncultivated, and aped the manners of the Venetian nobles.

Of those castles shown in the illustrations to this article, Gorizia might serve as an example of the first type, and Colloredo di Montalbano of the second.

Of Nievo's Castle of Fratta nothing now is left. It was destroyed in 1798, though not quite in the manner described in his great novel. However, many of the other places that he describes still remain, for example the castle of Cordovado, the spring of Venchieredo, though now sadly diminished in beauty, and the town of Portogruaro.

From Fratta to Portogruaro is a matter of a very few kilometres, though it took the Count and Countess in Nievo's novel several hours, even with four horses, to travel the distance and the condition of the road in those days gives him a chance to use some of his most picturesque adjectives. I covered it in less than half an hour in a taxi. Portogruaro itself has altered little in the intervening century and a half, at least the older city within the walls. It is not hard to recreate there the scene in the novel when Carlino, all unsuspecting, is acclaimed Avogadore of the People by the mob intoxicated with the new and heady doctrines of the French Revolution.

Portogruaro was not least among those little cities of the *terra ferma* where the example of the Most Serene Dominant was copied and recopied with every possible fidelity. The houses, large, spacious and with triple windows in the centre of the façade, were aligned on both sides of the main street in such a manner that only water was lacking to complete the resemblance to Venice. A café every two sidestreets, before which was the usual awning, and below it, around a number of small tables, a bunch of idlers; a quantity of winged lions on all the public buildings; light women and boatmen in continual chatter in the streets and around the fruit-stalls; pretty girls at the balconies behind cages of canaries and vases of gilliflowers and basil; up and down by the town hall and in the piazza the black togas of advocates, the long tail-coats of notaries and the most worshipful cloaks of patricians; four Slavs in attendance before the prison; from the Lemene canal a stink of salt water, a blaspheming of boatmasters and a constant confusion of wherries, anchors and cables; a continuous ringing of church bells and great pomp of ceremonies and masses; little stucco Madonnas with flowers, wreaths and festoons at every corner; devout mammas kneeling with their rosaries, blonde daughters occupied with their lovers behind the doors; abbots with their eyes on their shoe buckles and their cloaks wrapped modestly over their paunches; nothing was lacking in this miniature. Even the three standards of San Marco had their facsimile in the piazza: a red mast whereon waved on solemn occasions the banner of the Republic . . . what more was needed?

The Venetians of Portogruaro had succeeded only after a study of many centuries in unlearning the bastard and barbarous Friuli dialect which was spoken all around them, and now spoke Venetian with even greater affectation than the Venetians themselves . . . When talking to the country people, they very nearly said: "you of the *terra ferma*." In fact, Portogruaro was, in their eyes, a sort of hypothetical island constructed on the model of the Most Serene Dominant, not indeed on the bosom of the seas, but set between ditches of greenish, muddy water. That they were not of the *terra*

ferma they showed in their own manner by the many walls, campaniles and house façades that leant perilously. I believe that precisely for that reason they took care to place them on insecure foundations.

That busy life has now disappeared, or rather it has moved outside the walls and is now concentrated on the main road, with huge buses and heavy lorries taking the place of the barges and gondolas once crowding on the Lemene, which is now left to the town's washerwomen. But it is not hard for imagination to recreate that life and the campanile, at least, still stands crookedly as a justification of Nievo's sarcasm.

Portogruaro was an inner city of Friuli, defended and sheltered by the proximity of Venice. Most of the greater cities of the province, however, were built as, or became, frontier fortresses against the incursions of the Holy Roman Empire. The capital was Udine, where the Diet of Friuli used to meet, first under the successors of the Patriarch of Aquileia and, later, from the 15th century, under the watchful eye of the Venetian oligarchy. Though shorn of most of its powers, this diet preserved a sense of provincial unity right up until the fall of Venice and the coming of Napoleon. But the glory had departed. Nievo says of it:

I have few sins of omission upon my conscience, but amongst them the most serious and the one that causes me the most regret is that I was never present at one of these Friulian parliaments. Few of the Magistrates knew how to read and the deputies of the countryside can hardly have known more than they. That all understood Tuscan I do not believe; that none spoke it is sufficiently shown by their decrees and the resolutions adopted, wherein after a short preamble in Latin, they rushed headlong into a mishmash of Italian, Friulian and Venetian that was not without its beauty for those who liked a good laugh.

But despite such examples of august comedy, these Friulian cities could boast of an ancient lineage and of powerful military resources. Most were Roman foundations, and some even earlier. Cividale, for instance, was originally the *Civitas* of Forum Julii, from which last the word Friuli itself is derived. The most recent of them is Palmanova, built in the 16th century by the Venetians as a frontier fortress.

It was, after all, to the destruction of the ancient Friulian cities—Aquileia, Forum Julii, Concordia and others—that we owe the marvel that is Venice. So duty and inclination alike made me end my literary pilgrimage there.

Industrial Life in Russia Today

by F. J. ERROLL, M.P.

The author, who is Conservative Member for Altrincham and Sale, visited Russia with the British Parliamentary Delegation in October 1954. He is well qualified as an industrial observer, for he served his apprenticeship on the shop-floor at Metropolitan-Vickers in Manchester, took an honours degree in Mechanical Sciences at Cambridge, and is a director of several engineering companies

"Not bad for a race of peasants, eh?" said the Russian who had just finished taking me round the Moscow Underground Railway system. In truth it is a very fine achievement, and the inhabitants of Moscow have every reason to be proud of it. For the Metro, as the system is called, is continual evidence that modern Russia has mastered the process of industrialization.

Before the Communist Revolution of 1917 Russia's industries were backward compared with those of the Western world. She was in the main an agricultural country, and her agriculture was backward, too. Lenin did his best to sweep away the lethargy of exhaustion resulting from war and Revolution by his New Economic Policy, but it was his successor, Stalin, who really set Russia on the road to industrialization and consequent economic

installations. People say of visitors to Russia that they are only shown what their hosts wish them to see. In my case, however, I handed in a list of plants and installations which I wanted to see, and by the end of my tour there was a tick beside every item. Thus I saw two machine-tool factories, went down a modern gold-mine, visited a vehicle works and a power station, saw round a diesel-engine works and two heavy equipment factories, as well as going all over an aircraft factory making jet-engined bombers.

The "race of peasants" is going through an Industrial Revolution every bit as significant as the one Britain experienced at the beginning of the 19th century. And they are enthusiastic about it. For a number of years the Russian people were denied the ordinary



A. J. Thornton

The war finished nearly ten years ago. What is the industrial life of Russia really like today? This was the question I frequently asked myself while visiting engineering factories and



All photographs from the author

A Zis (the leading car) and Zims provided for the British Parliamentary Delegation, outside the Sovietskaya Hotel, Moscow. The Zims, made at Gorki, are closely modelled on a post-war Chevrolet

manufactured goods which industrial nations take for granted. The main efforts were going into power stations, blast furnaces and steel mills. Now, although the drive for additional heavy industry continues unabated, consumer goods are beginning to pour into the shops, and the people can experience some of the benefits for themselves.

At first sight the big industrial towns of Russia are not so very different from our own. Sverdlovsk might be described as the Wolverhampton of the Urals, and Gorki (the former Nizhny Novgorod) as the Bristol of the Volga. Each of these Russian cities has a large modern airfield, and as our aeroplane touched down we were greeted by the Mayor of the city and his entourage. A fleet of official cars took us to the Town Hall, usually a magnificent building, and thereafter our tour of the town began.

At Sverdlovsk large blocks of flats house the workers and their families, but there are many old wooden houses still. The town looks drab and unfinished, as though it had not yet recovered from wartime air-raids, although in fact it had suffered none. This is partly explained by the "Plan for the

Reconstruction of the City", which the city architect proudly showed me. Imposing new buildings are to be erected along wide new avenues. But in the meantime the families must huddle together and hope for the benefits to come.

At Stalingrad I visited several engineering workers in their flats. One flat had three rooms with several beds in each room, for in this one flat three families were living—one family to each room. This is the standard housing density, but Communist Party members, technicians and managers receive preferential treatment. Each room was clean and tidy. In one there was a gramophone with two or three records on the floor. A radio set stood in a corner with a celluloid two-humped Bactrian camel on top of it for the youngest child to play with—a reminder of Central Asia, so much more familiar than the deserts of Arabia or Africa, with their one-humped camels. A birthday greetings telegram from a favourite uncle working in Eastern Siberia lay half-opened on the sideboard. Two bicycles stood in the hall next to the telephone and the electricity meter.

The housewife apologized for the flat being



The Moscow Metro is a show piece of evidence regarding modern Russia's high level of industrialization. (Above) The discreetly suspended direction-board would not be obvious enough for London's Underground. (Below) Among the passengers are the Director of the Metro (in uniform) and the Duke of Wellington





(Above) The Director of the Red Proletariat Machine-Tool Works in Moscow receives the Parliamentary Delegation in his office. (Below) Workers on the factory floor—a father and his son, taught by him at his own work-bench as an apprentice—answer the author's questions through an interpreter



so untidy. If she had known I was coming, she added, she would have had the place all spick and span, and a cup of tea ready. As it was she insisted on my taking some grapes and chocolate biscuits. She had no need to apologize. Her room was beautifully clean and tidy, and I would have been content to stay there myself.

Outside the children had gathered round. They asked eagerly for English coins or stamps, and in return insisted on giving whatever small trinkets they had on them. In exchange for a 2½ stamp I received a Young Communist badge.

In the industrial towns schooling is good. Some schools run two shifts of pupils, a morning and an afternoon shift, because of industrial overcrowding. The Russians claim that there is no illiteracy, and education is compulsory as in Britain. Once they can read and write the pupils are encouraged to specialize in subjects with practical applications like physics, biology, mathematics, and drawing.

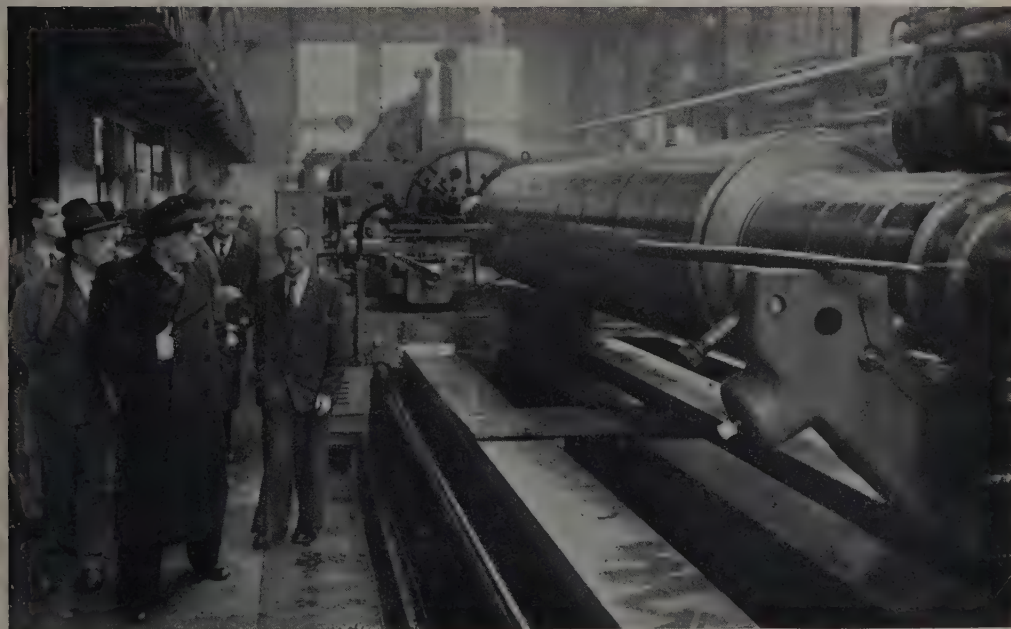
Modern language classes are popular, and many children are learning English. Russian translations of English books are freely read and quoted, especially the works of authors

such as Charles Dickens who, in Soviet eyes, depict the class struggle in England. *Oliver Twist*, read as an up-to-date account of conditions in Britain, is available in most libraries.

Pupils who do well in their exams can go on to Technical Colleges and Universities. Or they can do a year or two's work in a factory and pass their entrance examinations later. Great emphasis is laid on engineering and technical subjects as the demand for technicians and managers for the new factories is incessant. In each factory I visited the Works Director had risen from the shop floor, and gone through a College course on his way to the manager's office.

But a student will only do really well if he is equally good at Political Theory. And that means "Leninism-Stalinism". He must be proficient in Communist Party dogma, and know why the Communist way of life must succeed in the coming World Revolution. That dogma acts as a filter through which all his future thoughts, impressions and actions will have to pass. Without proficiency in this field he cannot gain the highest honours in his specialized studies. But with full marks for political doctrine as well he can become a member of the Communist

Machine-tools have high priority in the U.S.S.R.; so has heavy electrical generating equipment, made at the Electrosilva-Kirov works, Leningrad, where a fifty-ton rotor forging is being turned





The Stalingrad Tractor Works, with an output given as 4000 tractors a month, is one of a group of three tractor factories, the others being at Kharkov and Rubtsovsk. A monumental colonnade frames the entrance, topped by the inscription: "Glory to the Communist Party of the Soviet Union!"

Party and, aided by his technical knowledge, he can reach the highest positions in the Soviet industrial economy.

"In the Soviet Union all things are possible"—so runs the dogma, and the factories I visited demonstrated the truth of this saying. Industrialization has been, and still is, the first priority of the Central Planning Organization. Accordingly the best equipment, man-power, management and resources go to those factories which are producing what the Soviet Union, in the opinion of the planners, most requires.

In England we are accustomed to the idea of some factories being good and well managed, while others are old-fashioned, badly managed and relatively inefficient. But it came as a surprise to me to find the same wide variations in Russian factories, too. There the differences arise because of the relative importance of the products of each factory.

Nowhere was this more strikingly demonstrated than in two neighbouring factories in Gorki, both of which I visited in the same afternoon. One was an important machine-tool works with about 2000 workers, running

two shifts in the machine shops and sub-assembly departments, and having an output of sixty milling machines a week: well above its production target. In addition there was a large department producing heavy machine-tools for specialized purposes. The management was alert and the personnel obviously keen. The other was making heavy diesel engines, employed 3300 workers and was only just keeping up with its production target.

Machine-tools are still a high priority in the Soviet Union, whereas diesel engines are no longer so important since they can now be obtained freely from Western exporters. Many machine-tools are still "strategically banned" and cannot be imported from the West. A Russian factory which can make good these deficiencies, therefore, attains a high degree of priority for supplies of essentials. But this factory was filling an even more important role. It was proving that "in the Soviet Union all things are possible". Many types of machine-tool were formerly imported, as the Russians did not believe they could make them for themselves. With the coming of the strategic ban they were compelled to attempt domestic manufacture.



(Above) A target and output board (with figures for the summer months of 1954) tells tractor-workers at Stalingrad how their achievements compare with the objectives set. (Below) A new diesel-engine tractor, suitable for heavy ploughing on the vast state or collective farms of the Russian plains





Post-war tenement blocks at Stalingrad: solidly built but very crowded, often with three families living in a three-room flat. This is the standard housing density for the engineering workers

They have succeeded, though at the cost of other forms of output. No matter—they have learnt that they can master any engineering achievement, however intricate, provided they devote enough brains, skill, and effort to attain the objective.

The highest priority is given to aircraft manufacture. In the works I visited the operatives were liberally supplied with power-driven hand tools and jigs and fixtures to ensure the accuracy of their work. They did not pause to stare as I passed by—they were too busy earning the high pay that their skilled work brought in. A clothing factory, on the other hand, was old-fashioned, cramped and primitive.

Surprisingly enough, gold-mining is also given a high degree of priority. The gold-mine I went down in the Urals only started production in 1952, but already it is yielding over 1000 tons of reef per day. Conditions underground compare favourably with those of modern metalliferous mines anywhere in the world. Modern compressed-air drills are used at the face. Trains are hauled by electric locomotives. Underground substations supply

the mine with electric power wherever needed. In one substation a woman was in charge. She was a recent graduate from Sverdlovsk University. A large rest-room and first-aid post had been hewn out of the rock. Malenkov's portrait hung from the wall—the only one I was to see in any industrial installation during my tour.

Why this emphasis on gold production? Gold buys dollars, and dollars pay for much-needed imports of raw rubber, black-market copper, and essential machinery. The economic planners of the Soviet Union are evidently convinced of the value of gold production, even though it represents so great a diversion of effort and equipment from other projects.

The men—and women—who man these factories and mines and engineering projects are fine people. They are the sort one would expect to find in the International Harvester Company's works at Doncaster or manning one of Britain's modern power-stations. The Russian peasant has taken to industrialization, and all the sterling qualities of the peasant farmer are to be found in Russia's

engineering factories today.

At the Electrosilia-Kirov works, the Metropolitan-Vickers of Leningrad, I talked to a young man who was cutting the slots in a fifty-ton rotor forging. This work calls for great accuracy and a high degree of cool skill. His father had been a peasant, he told me, and the Germans had killed him during the war. He had come to the works as an apprentice and stayed on there ever since: all through the war, too, while the Germans had surrounded Leningrad and were bombarding the city. Some of their shells had fallen in this very works.

But he knew nothing of Hitler's raids on Britain. Like the Mayor of Leningrad, he could talk about the attacks on his own city, but he did not know what Britain had experienced. Nevertheless he was keen to learn. Was Britain fighting for peace? he asked. Why were all the schools in London closed down? Why was a British worker not allowed to see a doctor when he was ill?

These were the sort of questions I was asked over and over again. At first they seemed to reveal only a tragic ignorance.

Then it seemed that the men were merely repeating what they had read in their newspapers or heard on their radio sets. But in the end the real reason became apparent. These workers imagined that they were better off than the workers in capitalist countries. Conditions might be difficult, the family might live in one room, food might be short, or clothes hard to come by, but at least the Russian worker was better off by far than his poor downtrodden counterpart in the capitalist countries. The newspapers said so, the radio said so, and both were run by the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the Government of the workers, so every word must be true—whatever a visiting M.P. might say to the contrary.

The great Molotov vehicle works at Gorki employs about 40,000 workers, but only 350 draughtsmen in the drawing office. Here is the key to the story of Russia's industrialization. Lenin said in *The Impending Catastrophe*: "We do not invent, we take ready-made from capitalism: the best factories, experimental stations and academies; we need adopt only the best models furnished by the experience

Children of Stalingrad workers mob the author, who swaps a 2½d stamp for a Young Communist badge





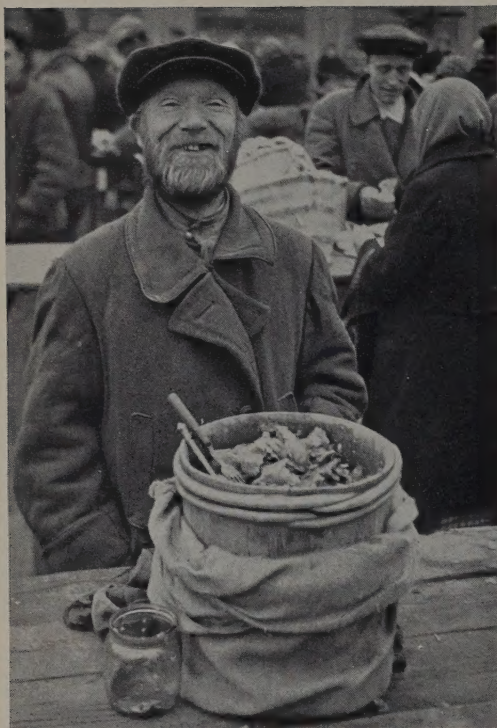
Industrialization implies education: the demand for technicians and managers for the new factories is incessant. (Above) The Parliamentary Delegation visits a Moscow school and the author photographs a group (left) of the children from whom the next generation of industrial leaders will be drawn. (Below) "So that's what a capitalist looks like!"





Students at the magnificent new buildings of Moscow University are given every opportunity for such practical learning as will enable them to play an effective part in the industrialization of the U.S.S.R. (Above) The central University block. (Below) The Parliamentary Delegation on the main entrance steps





Alongside all the planned activity of the industrial cities and their agricultural counterparts the British Parliamentary Delegation caught glimpses of an older Russia: in, for example, the 'free market' at Gorki. Here were immemorial characters (left) selling or (right) failing to sell mushrooms and other edible oddments which have escaped the attention of Socialist Planning

of the most advanced countries." The Molotov works faithfully follows Lenin's dictum. The lorry made there is a copy of a General Motors pre-war lorry. The engine was standardized in 1941. The Works Director told me that there have been improvements since then, but that there was no need to change what was still, in his view, a good design.

In the planned economy of the Soviet Union this is probably the right answer. There is no rival firm to force the pace. Designers and draughtsmen are scarce, so why waste them on vehicle design when a good design exists already, or an improved design can always be filched at any time from the West. Production is allocated by the Ministry of Automotive Production. Customers wait their turn for lorries and cars alike. They are thankful for what they receive. There is "Socialist competition" in

Russia, but it is rivalry over production figures, not outright competition in design and service to customers. Nevertheless the designs the Russian engineers pick are good ones, and having standardized they stick to their choice, whether it be lathes, jet engines or vehicles. The choice made, maximum production is the cry, and well-devised mass production methods are certainly succeeding in Russia today. Always the design is practical, sensible, and well adapted to the needs of the peasant turned mechanic. In Russian engineering today the best is never the enemy of the good.

There is a price to be paid for running an economy in this way; and it has to be paid in human terms. Direction takes place all down the line: the predetermined priorities for various kinds of production have to be interpreted and applied in accordance with the State Plan. "The State Plan is the law"

—so runs the slogan on many a factory wall: not the idea or enterprise of the individual, but the State Plan devised in Moscow and transmitted to every unit of production throughout the Soviet Union. This State Plan is enforced in two ways: by an elaborate incentive system, and by penalties and punishments which are discreetly held in reserve. As far as possible every worker or group of workers is allotted a norm or target, and bonuses are payable according to the way in which the production targets are exceeded. The forewoman of a section of female workers finishing off Zim car bodies at the Molotov Vehicle Works showed us a large blackboard in the centre of the shop. Against each section of workers was chalked up the norm for the week, and in columns for each day of the week were entered the figures actually achieved. There was a final column for the percentage achievement above or below target. At the Red Proletariat Machine-Tool Works I was shown an announcement board for special prizes. Workers who had successful ideas for speeding output or improving design received handsome cash awards. Short details, sometimes with a sketch or drawing, a photograph of the individual, and the amount of the award were displayed on the board.

Managers and top executives take part in a similar bonus system. Thus the Works Director of the Red Proletariat Works told me that he has a basic salary of 5000 roubles a month and a bonus of up to 3000 roubles, while the Managing Director of the Elektrosila-Kirov Works gets a bonus of up to 5000 roubles a month. At the Stalingrad Tractor Works the top fifty executives have their own motor-cars, in addition to cash bonuses. What happens if a factory fails to reach its target through no fault of its own? Well, that depends on the view taken by the sponsoring Ministry, which may award bonuses at its discretion, so the director of a machine-tool works told me.

Working hours are reasonable—usually eight hours a day

for six days a week. In some factories two or even three shifts are worked. One man asked me why the workers in England are only allowed to work five days a week and have to starve on the other two!

Trade Unions, never very strongly developed in Tsarist days, are harnessed to the production drive. At most works that I visited the Trade Union official was present throughout. He would often answer questions about wages, incentive payments, and works committees, for he is an active partner in securing higher production—his salary has

The Parliamentary Delegation were informed by their guide that "there are two churches still operating in Sverdlovsk." Here is one of them on a Sunday morning



a bonus element, too.

At Stalingrad we asked to see the Labour Books of the workers in the tractor factory. The Works Director sent for the Personnel Manager who keeps them under his control. Every adult worker has one of these Labour Books containing details of his (or her) past working life and present employment: wages, bonuses earned, awards and/or penalties. His insurance and pension rights, we were told, are based on the record of service in this Book, so woe betide him if he and his Book should ever be parted! If he were to move without it, he would forfeit all accrued insurance and pension rights. Nor could he move very far because he would be unable to get the necessary police permission to buy a railway ticket unless his move was taking place by agreement between the factories concerned. In any case, the attempt to move would be futile in the absence of such agreement since he could not normally get a job without producing his Labour Book. Thus unless his present employer (the Stalingrad Tractor Works in this case) will consent to release an employee and hand over his Labour Book, he cannot in practice move at all.

The Labour Book system can also work the other way round. When the State Plan requires certain workers to be moved to a new project, perhaps many miles away, the individuals selected are told that their Labour Books are being transferred to the new factory and that the police permit to travel there will not be withheld when they apply for it. A waitress in Stalingrad told me she had just come back from a four-year spell of labouring in the island of Sakhalin, off the Pacific Coast. In this way the planners in Moscow ensure that labour is distributed or retained in accordance with their planned priorities.

Each factory has its works committee which not only discusses ways of improving productivity but criticizes the management, and disciplines lazy workers. For the first offence a warning is usually a sufficient punishment, but on a second occasion a fine may be imposed, which the management is compelled to deduct from the man's wages; a third offence may result in compulsory transfer to work of lower priority—and at lower wages.

A power to criticize the management is more important than it may seem at first sight, for the committees usually contain a proportion of Communist Party members: 25 per cent in the case of the Stalingrad Tractor Works. These Communist Party members

are at work everywhere, and at all levels of Soviet society, keeping a check on the way things are going and reporting shortcomings back to Headquarters.

Yet for all its importance and ubiquity we, the representatives of British political parties, would never have made contact with the Communist Party organization during our visit had we not specially asked to meet the Party officials in Gorki. Only after some delay was our request granted. In the end I had a long talk with the Secretary of the Gorki Communist Party. He was lean, tough, energetic and able. That morning he had visited the Molotov Vehicle Works, in his own car of course; by coincidence at the very same time as our visit. In the afternoon he had sorted out complaints of Party members against the Gorki municipality. I asked the Mayor of Gorki what happened when the Party disagreed with the municipality. "That cannot happen," he said, "we cannot disagree; after all, I helped to elect this Secretary to his present position." The State Plan is the Plan of Russia's Communist Party and its devoted members do all they can to see that it is fulfilled.

There is no need to emphasize the other means whereby the will of the Party is enforced in the execution of the Plan. There is the secret police organization of the Ministry of the Interior (or M.V.D. as it is called). It stands behind the Party ready to follow up any denunciation a jealous or disgruntled workmate may make of his co-worker. And there are Forced Labour Camps for political prisoners and others. We ourselves had no opportunity to observe them; but the means of enforcement I have described would be ample even if there were no such extreme sanctions in the background.

When a roomful of people in England fall silent, we say: "An angel is passing"; when a roomful of people fall silent in Russia, they say: "A policeman is born." Russia's industrial achievement, of which she is entitled to be proud, has grown up under the shadow of the policeman. We, in Britain, must accept a profound difference of organization and method between the two countries. There is a system which could not grow voluntarily in any country where there is a long tradition of liberty among persons and independence among institutions. Equally we shall not serve the cause of peaceful understanding if we expect our ways of freedom and independence to take rapid root in a country which has never really known what these things mean.